T. Stinson

ZION'S HERALD.

Behold, I bring you good tidings
THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL

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FOR ZION'S HERALD.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY.

PART I.

In these times of error and irreligion, of shallow sophisms and profane philippics, it is of great importance to keep before the church the fundamental doctrines of the Bible. The plea of the non-importance of any Scripture doctrine, is Satan's watchword for stealing away the foundations of our hope while we sleep. Among the vital points of the Christian system, none are more so than the doctrine of the Trinity. That men of science have thought otherwise, affects not the point. Men of science have been infidels. As there has not been much published in the Herald of late on this point, I trust its readers will be willing to read something in defence of the faith of God's elect. I shall aim not so much at originality as at giving the strength of the argument in favor of this ancient doctrine of the church. Whatever other advantages the subject may possess, I approach it merely as a subject of revelation. Whether the truth of the doctrine can be demonstrated by reason alone, I leave to the logic and ingenuity of a Poiret and a Kid. My simple inquiry is, does the Bible teach or authorize me to believe that there are three equally divine and glorious persons in the Godhead? To resolve this question, I commence carefully studying it. On the evidence I find here I am to make up my opinion, whatever I may have thought before. The first circumstance which arrests my attention, is the declared fact of the existence of the Infinite God, a self-existent and eternal Being. This Divine Being is called by the most august and magnificent titles—as "Jehovah," "Aleim," "Lord of hosts," &c.; the former of which is allowed to indicate self-existence. These, be it remembered, are the names which God himself has adopted for the purpose of making known his nature, and the mode of his existence. They are therefore, as all must admit, *expressive* and *declaratory* of the peculiarity of his nature. In this respect they resemble nearly all the names found in the ancient Hebrew. The next circumstance that arrests my attention is the fact that this Being is declared to be *one*. His unity is made the subject of direct propositions, uttered with peculiar solemnity—"Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." While meditating on these facts, my attention is arrested by one still more striking, which is, that these very names, by which the Divine Being is designated—names chosen by himself, names of revelation—are frequently found in the plural form; and that too, when applied to Jehovah in those very propositions the object of which is to state his *unity*. Nor is this the case in a few instances merely. The instances are numerous, in which not only nouns in a plural form are applied to the Divine Being, but in which these nouns are connected with verbs, adjectives and pronouns in the plural form also. And to connect this plurality with unity, in a still more striking form, these nouns in their unquestionably plural form, are made nominative to verbs in the singular. Of this innumerable instances occur in the Old Testament. A few instances may be cited as illustrations,—"In the beginning Aleim (Gods) created the heavens and the earth,"—"Hear, O Israel, the Lord our Aleim (*Gods*) is one Lord," Deut. vi. 4.—"Know ye that the Lord, he the Aleim, (Gods) hath made us, and not we ourselves." The above term Aleim, (Gods) a peculiar name of the great God, is generally found in the plural. In Malachi i. 6, we read, "If I be Adonim (Masters) where is my fear."—"Remember thy *Creators* in the days of thy youth." "The Lord thy *Gods*," is a phrase which occurs more than a hundred times in the law. Nor are the names of God the only terms which indicate the Trinity, by their being used in the plural; for every reader of the Bible knows that such phrases as the following are of frequent occurrence:—"Let *us* make man in *our* image"—"The man has become like *one of us*"—"The Lord said let *us* go down," &c.—"Whom shall I send, and who will go for *us?*" These citations are sufficient for our present purpose. They present before us a wise and eminent prophet of God, a man skilled in science and letters, laboring to establish a system of theology, the leading feature of which is the unity of the divine nature; and yet, in stating this *unity*, he makes use of terms directly *indicative* of *plurality*. Here is a fact, which must be reconciled with the unity of God, on the one hand, and the inspiration of the writer on the other. Will it be said that this is an idiom of the Hebrew language? This cannot be, for there are no similar instances to support it.—When the ancients wish to use nouns or words in the singular number only, they do it, in the Hebrew language, with the same care as in any other. Will it be said that they are mere "lapsus pennæ" mistakes? The instances are too numerous; beside, such a supposition would be an impeachment of the authority of the inspired penman. We boldly say, that no satisfactory solution of this peculiarity can be given, except by a reference to the doctrine of the Trinity. The pointed declarations relative to the *unity* of God, refer to his nature. The plural terms used in bringing that nature to our view, indicate a trinity of persons in that nature. By this solution consistency is made to characterize all parts of the sacred penman's writings, which no other does. And let it be borne in mind that we are under the same obligations to give consistency to those parts of the Scripture which indicate a trinity, as we are to give it to those which declare a unity. Here then I raise my first argument in favor of the doctrine of the *Trinity*. Should it be objected that nothing is said about a *trinity*, in the texts above cited, but merely a plurality, I reply, that though a mere plurality is *indicated here*, yet I purpose in the further discussion of the subject, to show that there are three persons, and three only, characterized as divine, and clothed with the attributes of a God, in the Scriptures of truth. But this argument, strong as it is, by no means contains the strength of the case. For, if the fact that God has revealed himself under plural titles and forms of construction, were entirely blotted from the sacred record, the proof of a plurality of persons in the Godhead would remain in its strongest form. As a proof of this, we will now examine the celebrated vision of the prophet—Isaiah chap. vi.—where he says, "In the year that king Uzziah died, I saw also the Lord (Jehovah) sitting on his throne, high and lifted up," &c. The scene of this vision was the "holy of holies," i. e. the holy place of the holy ones. The attendants were the cherubim, who exclaimed, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts"—an exclamation which, together with the vision, had nearly overwhelmed the mind of the prophet, knowing as he did, that he was in the presence of the Eternal. "Mine eyes have seen the Lord (Jehovah) of Hosts," was his fearful declaration. His fears, however, were dispelled by an inquiry proposed by the Lord of Hosts: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for *us?*" The prophet having offered his services, he is commanded by the same "Lord (Jehovah) of Hosts" to go and make the hearts of the people fat, their ears heavy, and to close their eyes. Here it is made sufficiently certain that the being who revealed himself and uttered these commands, was none other than the Supreme Being. He is called "Jehovah," and the "Lord of Hosts," terms which sufficiently indicate the infinity of his nature. No person then can deny the presence of the "Father" on this occasion. Having obtained from the text satisfactory evidence of the presence of the first person in the sacred Trinity, if we can prove the presence of the Son and Spirit, and especially that they are called Jehovah, and that it was in their presence the prophet trembled, we shall have another unanswerable argument in favor of the Trinity. By consulting St. John, xii. 41, we find the following words: "These things said Esaias, when he saw his (Christ's) glory and spake of him." Now the circumstances which go to prove the presence of Christ on the occasion of the prophet's vision, are these. The language referred to by the Evangelist, when he says, "These things said Esaias," &c., will be seen by a reference to the 12th of St. John, to be the very same used in the vision of Isaiah above referred to. Here then are the facts,—Isaiah has a vision, sees the "*Jehovah* of Hosts," and hears certain language used. St. John quotes that language, and says that Isaiah saw *Jesus Christ* at the time it was used, and furthermore says that the glory displayed on that occasion was the glory of Christ. Now, unless St. John or Isaiah have stated that which was not true, there were present on this remarkable occasion two divine persons, whose *identity* is proved by the glory of one being the glory of the other, and both of whom received the title "Jehovah." By consulting Acts xxviii. 25–27, we find St. Paul, after quoting the language above referred to, about the grossness of heart, dullness of ear, and dimness of eye among the Israelites, declares it to have been spoken to Isaiah by the *Holy Ghost!* Here then, by the testimony of St. Paul, we have not only the presence of the Holy Ghost, but by his ascribing to him words which the prophet ascribed to Jehovah, he makes him to be called by that title. Thus, then, unless these inspired men flatly contradict each other, or all assert what is not true, the Trinity is a doctrine of the Bible.

But our proofs do not end here. We read, (Isaiah xlii. 8,) "I am the Lord (Jehovah), that is my name; and my glory will I not give to another." The being who thus claims to himself the peculiar title of Jehovah, a title denoting self-existence, is, beyond all controversy, the true God; or, if it please better, the Father. Now mark the assertion: "*My glory will I not give to another.*" But in Matt. xvi. 27, we find the following declaration—"For the Son of Man shall come in the *glory of his Father*, with his angels;" and in Matt. xxv. 31—"When the Son of Man shall come *in his glory*," &c. The argument from these scriptures lies in the following circumstances. In the first text Jehovah, or the Father, declares that his glory shall not be *given to any other being*. In the second, Jesus Christ informs us that when he comes to judgment, he will come in the glory of his *Father*. In the third, he informs us that the glory in which he will make his appearance at the judgment will be *his own*. Thus then, if the declaration of the Almighty be true, the glory of Jehovah or the Father is the glory of Christ also, and thus the Father and Christ are both one *being*, or the Father has given his glory to another being and *violated his word!* But if the above propositions be true, then the doctrine of the Trinity follows most clearly.

As a further indication of the doctrine for which we are pleading, we may direct attention to the baptismal formula, as recorded in Matt. xxviii. 19, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—The gospel is every where represented as a covenant offer of eternal salvation from God to man, and baptism was the appointed ordinance by which men were to be admitted into that covenant, by which that offer was made and accepted. This covenant being made with God himself, the ordinance must of course be performed in his name; but Christ commanded that it should be performed in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, therefore we conclude that God is the same as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. So this again brings to view the Scripture doctrine of the Trinity. At least, whatever reason existed why men should be baptized in the name of the Father, there was the same that they should be in the name of the Son and Holy Spirit, inasmuch as men are baptized in the name of the latter as well as in the name of the former, and no reason is assigned for their baptism in the name of the one, different from the reason for their baptism in the name of the other. This circumstance looks so hard towards the doctrine of the Trinity, that Unitarians have found themselves driven to the extremity of attempting its expulsion from the Bible! Poor cause that needs such shuffling as this.—In my next, I shall take up another branch of the subject.

In conclusion, we need not ask which ought to have the most weight with us, these declarations of God or the shallow sophisms of semi-infidels? All who love the word of God will see and determine. J. H.

Boston, March 31.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

THE NEW YORK BOOK CONCERN.

Mr. Editor—I wish through the medium of the Herald, to speak a word to my brethren in New England, and especially to my brethren in the ministry, in relation to the Book Concern.

I need not tell them that it has been destroyed, but that it must be *rebuilt*; and that we must go about it, and *all* go about it, and go about it *soon*. I should greatly regret to have the New England Conference behind, in this good work. The loss can easily be made up, if every one will feel and act. Fifty cents to each member in the church will meet the full demand; and admitting that some cannot, and that others *will not* give that much, yet many others will be found who will give much more, so that the whole amount may be raised, if proper attention is paid to the subject. Very much depends on the ministry. We must lead the way, and I hope each preacher will both feel and act, and that without delay. Our proportion in this church is subscribed. We shall endeavor to raise as much more as we can, and have it forthcoming. I hope our brethren in the country will also be forward in this good cause. I shall do them the justice to say, I think I *know* they have as fully the means as their brethren in the seaports. I have noticed that a small and very afflicted country society in Topsfield, Mass. has already remitted its full proportion, or more, much to its honor. May it "*be remembered in that day.*" I know not of a society which is not as well able. Let no preacher say then, that it cannot be done in his charge. *Try*, Try, let us TRY. J. Sanborn.

Newburyport, April 8, 1836.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Mr. Editor—If you please, Br. Scott may speak for himself this time, and I will answer him in the form of

A DIALOGUE.

Scott. Lest you should think yourself slighted, Br. Binney, I have concluded to pay you a passing compliment.

Binney. I had much rather you would slight *me*, Br. Scott, than to give others occasion to slight the *Church.*

S. You have represented me as more willing to lampoon the Church, than Kneeland, Pepper, or Whittemore.

B. Not so. The cause of my surprise was that you should furnish them with such an *opportunity.* So far from supposing these gentlemen *less* willing to abuse us, I did suppose they would now do it *with a witness.*

S. The writer whom you style anonymous *is not so. I have his proper name.*

B. Anonymous means without a name. Now here is something written and published without a name, and yet you say *it is not anonymous*, because, forsooth, *you* have his proper name. I suppose *every* writer has a proper name *somewhere.* Perhaps you meant to say, "*as it were.*"

S. My author has published facts! And his name would weigh with N. England Methodists.

B. "Facts" *alone* are *light matters;* they cannot "*weigh*" much *without* a "proper name."

S. Neither of us have ever said that the Methodists in the South are so much worse than other denominations.

B. In the Herald of March 9th appeared the following paragraph—"The principal reason why Methodists in these regions are more numerous and popular than other denominations, is, *they stick so close to Slavery.*" This you gave as the language of a Southern correspondent, and you now say, "he has published *facts.*" And yet, "neither of you have ever represented the Methodists in the South as worse than other denominations." What! do you mean to say that it is *right* for a people to become numerous and popular at the expense of the slaves? If so, my former remarks are as you say "altogether *gratuitous*," and I have "misrepresented my brethren;" but then I did it *ignorantly*, I assure you.

S. If your article has the approbation of some abolitionists, I should like to know who those some are.

B. Perhaps it will answer your purpose to know that "*I have their proper names*," and *am* at "liberty to publish them *now.*"

S. You say the rights of the negro are sacred *without a doubt.*

B. Yes, and have said so from my youth up.

S. Do you plead their rights as much as you oppose the abolitionists?

B. To oppose pure abolitionism would be to oppose my own cause. I consider myself set in defence of that as well as in defence of Methodism. Pure abolitionism is pure Methodism, and vice versa. Whoever opposes the one, opposes the other. I intend to do neither. I am at war with that principle which approves of doing evil that good may come.

S. Do you pray for the slaves *publicly?*

B. I do. But why *publicly* in particular?

S. I do not wish to stigmatise you as a *pro-slavery* man. Every person fixes his own character.

B. I am much obliged, Br. Scott, for your "passing *compliment.*" Whatever my "character" may be, rest assured my heart is "fixed" in favor of truth and righteousness, at home and abroad. A. Binney.

Lynn, April 13, 1836.

During the dark ages, one of the instruments in the Inquisition was the statue of the Virgin Mary, who, with a smiling countenance, beautifully clad, and with arms outspread, seemed to invite the accused to her embrace. He was ordered to approach and salute her, and as she pressed him to her bosom, concealed daggers sunk into his heart: he shrieked and was a corpse.

Apt emblem of sensual desire. With promises of bliss she lures her votary on, until at the moment of anticipated delight, he feels in his soul the pangs of the second death.—*Adv. of Moral Reform.*

An old miser in Ireland, named Coleman, recently dropped down dead, while discussing the most economical mode of living.

DO AS YOU SEE ME DO.—TOBACCO.

We have a good anecdote to tell on this subject. The strict correctness of the statements here given may be relied on. We are well acquainted with the parties referred to. They reside in this county.

A short time since, a father, who is also a minister of the gospel, to his great grief, had occasion to reprove his son for the use of profane language.

"Why do you swear, my son," asked he.

"Because, father," replied the boy, "I have a wicked heart."

"Well, my son, it is very wrong,—very wicked indeed, to use such language as you did, and shows, as you say, a wicked heart. I hope you will never do so again; and you must ask the Lord to give you a better heart.—Besides, I want you to imitate me—you never hear me swear. Do as you see me do."

The now penitent child promised obedience. But scarcely had the father finished his admonition, when, half unconsciously, he took from his pocket a piece of tobacco, a portion of which he proceeded to deposit in his mouth.

"Father," said the child, "give me a chew of tobacco."

"Oh, no, my child, it would be wrong for you to chew tobacco,"—was the reply.

"But did you not just now tell me that I must do as I saw you do? And father, is it not wrong for you, too, to chew tobacco?"

This was a question which the father could not answer, with a good conscience, in any other way, than by throwing his tobacco from both his mouth and pocket, and telling his son that no more should ever enter either.—*St. Louis Observer.*

The tent of Alexander the Great contained a hundred couches, and was supported by eight columns of solid gold. A cloth of gold was stretched overhead, wrought with various devices, and expanded so as to cover the whole ceiling. Within, in a semi-circle, stood five hundred Persians, bearing lances; their dress was purple and orange. Next were drawn up a thousand archers, clothed in scarlet and flame colored dresses. In front of these were five hundred soldiers *(argyraspides)* with silver shields. In the middle was the golden throne, on which Alexander sat and gave audience. The tent on the outside was encircled by elephants, drawn up in order, and a thousand Macedonians in their native dress. Beyond, were the Persian guard of ten thousand men, and five hundred courtiers allowed to wear purple robes. This surpasses the parade of all modern Princes or Conquerors.—*American Magazine.*

THE PLACE OF FINAL WO.

Some describe Christians as wild, fanatical, and entirely imaginative, in their descriptions of the place of final punishment. The Scriptures have indeed given some tremendous hints, from which the ministers of the gospel, as from a half uncovered magazine of terror, draw their motives of warning. Some of the old English poets excel in terrible sketches of the place of final wo. John Ford, an old dramatic writer, thus describes it:—*Miss. Chris. Herald.*

—— —— —— "There is a place,
(List daughter) in a black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires;
A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoking fogs
Of an infected darkness; in this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders; there is burning oil
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat: the usurer
Is forc'd to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murderer forever stabb'd,
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
On the rack of burning steel, whilst in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust."

Too many studies at once.—Young ladies engage in too many studies at one time. It is not an unfrequent occurrence for a young lady to engage in five or six different branches of science at once. It is a common, and I think a true saying, that a "Jack at all trades is good at none;" and I feel sure that a young lady who recites in French, Latin, Geography, Natural Philosophy and Music, every day, cannot understand what she learns. It appears to me to be the perfection of education to learn to concentrate all the powers and faculties of the mind upon one subject, until that is perfectly understood. If a young lady commences the study of Natural Philosophy, and pursues it to the exclusion of all other studies, she not only retains what she learns but she reflects upon the facts which she has collected during her hours of relaxation. And in a short time her whole soul will be engaged in it. Let a young lady commence her studies, and confine herself to one, or at most two books at one time, and if she does not finish her education too early in life, she will have laid up a vast fund of knowledge, a fund from which she can ever after draw the richest draughts of enjoyment.—*Annals of Education.*

CONFESSIONS OF A SKEPTIC.

I appear to myself to be like one driven at random upon a dark sea—there is no star to light my way—no compass to steer my course—no anchor to fix my idle tossings. How full of darkness, and weakness, and misery! Destruction starts upon my view from every side, threatening to swallow me up like an atom, or dash me into nothing like a bubble. I appear to myself to be a pitiable atom, caught up into the frightful vortex of the universe, I know neither whence, nor why, and carried round in the ceaseless whirl of surrounding atoms. As I know not whence I came, so I am equally ignorant whither I am hastening, or what is my business here. The incessant changes which I see in every part of the visible world forcibly remind me that I must shortly die: but this alone certainly is more startling than all my doubts. Even my present enjoyments are converted into bitterness by the reflection that they must so soon have an end. I see those around running in pursuit of fancied good, as if it were certain and eternal; and just so they have been running to the same fountain ever since the world was, but always running more thirsty than before. Astonishing perseverance! Happy delusion! I almost envy their want of reflection, which imparts a sort of quiet, unrestless peace, by inducing a forgetfulness of the great end of all their frivolous activities.

Yes, the pursuits and enjoyments of life, narrowed down to the limited circumference of time, seemed to be unworthy the wish of a rational creature. And when I send my thoughts forth from this scene into futurity, (boundless futurity!) my mind is filled with the conviction that religion is every thing, or that every thing is nothing.—And what makes me the greatest wonder to myself is, that I pursue the trifling chimeras of this life, knowing them to be such, with more eagerness than I do the possession of heaven, which may be, for aught I know, a stupendous and eternal reality. My reason teaches me this ought to determine my conduct, but, alas! I have no practical conviction in my heart. Yet, strange as it may seem, I cannot forbear despising those that have. It is certain that the wildest absurdities which ever filled the brain of a dreaming enthusiast, flowing from a desire to secure eternal happiness, are more rational than my frigid indifference: but yet I find it easier to despise than to imitate them.—*Gambier Obs.*

At a late meeting of the Baltimore Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in Baltimore, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the names of all the members and probationers present, in number 157, were subscribed and ordered to be published. The Secretary was also directed to furnish Rev. John A. Collins a copy for insertion in the Globe and Intelligencer.

Whereas, great excitement has pervaded this country for some time past on the subject of abolition; and whereas, such excitement is believed to be destructive to the best interests of the country and of religion; therefore,

1. *Resolved*, "That we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery."

2. That we are opposed in every part and particular to the proceedings of the abolitionists, which look to the immediate, indiscriminate, and general emancipation of slaves.

3. That we have no connexion with any press, by whomsoever conducted, in the interest of the abolition cause.

4. *Resolved*, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions, signed by the members of this Conference, be sent to the editors of the Christian Advocate and Journal, New York, Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati, Zion's Herald, Boston, and Christian Sentinel, of Richmond, for publication in those papers.

A true copy, with the omission of the names.
Thos. B. Sargeant, *Secry.*

SINGULAR AND AFFECTING DELUSION.

Of the delusions incident to ill health, old age, or mental aberration, many are so wild and grotesque, as to provoke laughter rather than pain—however painful in their associations. In one that feeling of levity intermingled, it led to the self-destruction of a female inhabiting a district in Silesia. She had reached the age of a hundred years. All her family, says the statement, having been successively conveyed to the tomb, she labored under the idea that *God had forgotten to call her out of the world!* It is an idea that might have entered into the imagination of Coleridge; and into what a world of awe, and loneliness, and sublime sorrow would his genius have wrought it! What a picture of solitariness, desolation, and despair! How fearful!—The real afflictions of a long life, the loss of friends, the lingering pangs of disease, the stings of unrequited love, the mockeries of hope, the treachery of all that seemed faithful—the very agonies of a disturbed conscience—all these shrink up to nothing, compared with the lonely horror of that idea. To be—and not to be; to live—and not to die. To be the forgotten one! Poetry has nothing so terrible as this in its images of deathlessness; the doom of an endless existence on earth, willed by destiny, from which there is no escape—the eye of the dread Ordainer of it still watching its progress and fulfilment, as century after century rolls by—this is feeble in its appeal to the imagination, in contrast with a desertion so inexpressibly hopeless and desolate. And natural seems the growth of this delusion;—friend after friend dies, all that was loved in life is borne from it into death—and one alone, of all the circle, lives on even into another century, counting days as years, *forgotten* to be called! A noble page in poetry might well be reserved for the history of this poor sorrower and suicide. How finely and touchingly would the pen of L. E. L. paint its mournful and imaginative beauty!—*Court Journal.*

Touch of the Sublime.—Upon a certain time an orator who wished to advocate the construction of a new turnpike through a section in Virginia, made the following sublime speech, as we learn from the Marshall Sentinel:—

"May it please your worships! While Europe is convulsed in civil discords, and her empires tremble with internal commotions; and, while her astronomers mount the wings of their imaginations, and soar through the ethereal world, pursuing their course from system to system, until they have explored the vast eternity of space—let us direct our attention to *a road more immediately in our neighborhood!*"

Give Quickly.—Mrs. Graham, of New York, made it a rule to appropriate a tenth part of her earnings to be expended for pious and charitable purposes. She had taken a lease of two lots of ground in Greenwich street, from the corporation of Trinity Church, with a view of building a house on them for her own occommodation. The building, however, she never commenced. By a sale which her son, Mr. Bethune, made of the lease in 1795, for her, she got an advance of one thousand pounds. So large a profit was new to her. "Quick, Quick," said she, "let me appropriate the tenth before my heart grows hard." What fidelity in duty! What distrust of herself! Fifty pounds of this money she sent to Mr. Mason, in aid of the funds he was collecting for the establishment of a Theological Seminary.

Slavery.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

MR. EDITOR—Brother Crandall may be assured that I consider it no great "task" to reply to his little catalogue of some ten questions and trust that he will be satisfied if not "gratified" with the correctness and you with the brevity of my answers.

1. "What sort of a slave was that who owed his master 10,000 talents?"

Answer, The passage in which he is mentioned proves that he was lawfully liable to be sold or put to the torture by his master. In other words, his liberty ease and life were his master's property.

2. "What sort of a slave was that whose master made him ruler over all his goods?"

Ans. He was probably about such a case as the purchased slave Joseph, who was appointed by Potiphar "overseer of his house and over all that he had," being still the property of his master.

3, 4, 5, 6, 7. "What sort of a slave was old Simeon—was he the slave of God—the slave of Jesus Christ—of the church—of righteousness?"

Ans. All these metaphorically called *doulos*, were certainly *not* the *hired workmen* or *household domestics* of God—of Christ &c. But every Christian is the *property* of his God. Simeon, Paul, every *doulos* of God is "not his own" he is "bought with a price;" every fibre of his body and every throb of his soul is the devoted, consecrated property of God—of Christ—of the church—and of the great cause of righteousness. This view of the terms gives a forcible meaning to that striking appellation assumed and worn by Paul, *δουλος χριστου*.

It is no reply to say that because a slave is a degraded being, this metaphor would be a disgraceful one. A hired menial or servant was also no very dignified object of comparison. A Christian was metaphorically a soldier—but he was not therefore, like common soldiers, a bloody mercenary. A Christian was metaphorically, a sacrifice, but he was not therefore, like the ancient victims, a four legged animal. A Christian, was metaphorically a *doulos*, but it does not follow that he "totes" tobacco.

8. "What sort of a slave was that from whom a son in his minority differed not?"

Ans. The purpose of the Apostle, in that comparison was forcibly to illustrate the tutelage to which a tutored boy is subjected. Mr. Crandall certainly will not say that the son differed not in that respect from a transient hired man, who received his pay and departed at pleasure. But in permanency and implicit obedience, (the points which the Apostle intended to illustrate) the son differs not from the bondsman.

9. "Are the slaves in the Southern States such slaves as any of these were?"

Ans. With regard to the five metaphorical *douloi* above mentioned the question is of course fallacious. With regard to all the others, I do suppose, that they were as absolutely at their master's disposal as the slaves of the Southern States. And with regard to the whole, metaphorical, and literal, they all are identical in one radical particular, viz. they are all the *property* of that to which they are *douloi*.

10. "Why did not the authors of our English translation of the Bible translate *doulos* slave in a single instance?"

This question was so neatly and precisely answered many years before it was asked, by Dr. Macknight, that I shall give the reply in his words.

"Though the word δουλος properly signifies *a slave*, our English translators, in all the places where the duties of *slaves* are inculcated, have justly translated it servant; BECAUSE, anciently the Greeks and Romans had scarce any servants but slaves, and BECAUSE, the duties of the hired servant, during the time of his service, are the same with those of the slave. So that what the apostle said to the slave, was in effect said to the hired servant. Upon these principles, in translations of the scripture designed for countries where slavery is abolished, and servants are ted a *servant*."

As Br. Crandall is so expert at the interrogative, I trust he will not object to my reversing the catechism, in order to try his skill at answering as well as asking.

Did he really imagine, that the slave, mentioned in his first query, who traded to the amount of millions, was a *voluntary* menial to another, a free and magnificent merchant, willingly choosing to be a hired work doer.

Is he not perfectly aware that in despotic countries a man may be permissively lord of thousands and yet be still a property slave— holding his wealth at the beck of his owner and his neck at the mercy of the bowstring?

Will he affirm that Dr. Clark, Macknight and numerous others are mistaken in supposing that *doulos* means primarily and properly a slave? I would as soon doubt that Θεος means properly God.

Will he deny that it is both biblically and historically certain, that slavery did exist in the Christian church, unabolished, from the time of the apostles until after the time of the Christian Emperors?

D. D. WHEDON.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

SLAVERY.

NO. XVI.

MR. EDITOR—It has been objected, that allowing the slaves *could* take care of themselves, they *would not* do it. But this objection, like all others of the same species, comes entirely without evidence.—There have been hundreds of thousands of slaves emancipated at different times, and in different countries. Why then do not our opponents point us to the multitudes who have turned out idlers and vagabonds? *Why?* There are FACTS connected with this subject, but as Providence would have it, they happen to be all on the *other side!* Out of the many facts which might be selected to show that the slaves if emancipated would be, not only able, but *willing* to provide for themselves, I mention one, as it is near home, and of recent date.

Mr. James G. Birney (formerly a slave-holder) to whom I referred in my last communication, was asked in the city of Boston, at a public meeting, a few months since, the following question: "It is said that the slaves, if now liberated, will be idle, and turn out vagrants; what is your opinion on that point?" To which Mr. B. gave the following answer. "When the man in my employ—before referred to, with his wife and two children—first commenced laboring for wages, he labored so hard, commenced so early in the morning, and continued so late in the evening, that I was obliged to go and tell him he must not do it—he would ruin his health and constitution by such hard labor. In 1828, a gentleman in his will emancipated *sixty-three slaves*. They all live on land purchased of the sons of this gentleman, and are all doing well. I inquired of a tavern keeper near by, not a professor of religion, a man well acquainted with them, and he pronounced them good neighbors, *industrious*, contented, and happy. Their only complaint was, they had no school among them. The pastor of the church says, that many of these persons are now members of the church, but not one before they were emancipated."

"What are you going to do with them?" is a question which is frequently asked by the pro-slavery men of the North. "Do with them?" Let them remain *where they are*, and be employed as free laborers. There they will *wish* to remain, and there they will be *wanted*. In Antigua and Bermuda, the emancipated slaves continue in their former employment, and with their former masters—and all concerned have found, that liberty and wages are better motives to industry than the whip of the "task master."

But it is said, "they *would not* remain where they are—the North would be flooded." To this naked assertion it may be replied, that the South is their *native land*, to which they are strongly attached—that their kindred is there—the climate is congenial to them, and they have been accustomed to the employment of the South, and there their services are wanted. They will not therefore be likely to emigrate to a cold climate—to a land of strangers, to seek employments which they are unaccustomed to, and where their labor is not wanted. There is a far greater probability, that many persons of color in the free states would emigrate to the South, if slavery were abolished. Colored persons have the same right to any and all parts of the country that the whites have—and shall we consent to their continuance in bondage, through a fear, that if they were liberated they would, in some instances, come to the North? We ought to be ashamed of a sentiment so anti-Christian!

The North is the fruitful source of objections to emancipation. Here they are coined by the apologists for slavery, sent down to the South, endorsed, and sent back again; and hence become a law. Our northern dough faces are constantly saying to slave-holders,—"Your slaves are not *prepared* for freedom—they *could* not take care of themselves—they *would* not take care of themselves—they are *contented* and *happy*—they would not leave you if they could—they fare better than the free negroes—if slavery is an evil, you are not responsible; it has been entailed upon you—and we are not responsible, morally or politically—and therefore northern discussion is an interference with your rights—slave-holding *is scriptural*—hence slavery is not a sin under all circumstances!"

To all this, slave-holders assent—and they add, "let us Lynch these fanatics!" "No," say their northern allies, "we will not lynch them, but we will mob them!!" And yet our opponents find fault if they are called dough-faces, and apologists for slavery!!!

O. SCOTT.

Holliston, April 5, 1836.

REMEDY FOR "MODERN ELOQUENCE.—The editor of the Natchez Courier, as would seem by some recent remarks on "Modern Eloquence," has, with regret, detected "a turgid and labored style" in some of the periodicals and newspapers of the day—"a sort of prose run mad;" and he fears, too, there is danger that the pulpit and the bar are "giving their powerful sanction to this modern degeneracy of style." There is a remedy for all evils; and the one which suggests itself to us, is that if any occupant of the pulpit has lately become so eloquent as to keep his audience awake, his salary should be immediately increased; if any gentleman of the bar has ventured an oratorical flourish, he should be imprisoned for contempt of court; and if any editor has soared into bathos, he should be subsidized, bought over to dullness, by an immense subscription to his paper.—*Mississippi Christian Herald.*

REV. LEGH RICHMOND.—The Rev. Legh Richmond, on his return from Scotland, some years ago, passed thro' Stockport, at the time when violent political opinions disturbed the country. In consequence of his lameness, he was never able to walk far without resting. He was leaning on his stick, and looking about him, when a poor fellow ran up to him and offered his hand, inquiring with considerable earnestness, "Pray sir, are you a radical?"

"Yes, my friend," replied Mr. Richmond, "I am a radical; a thorough radical."

"Then," said the man, "give me your hand."

"Stop, sir, stop; I must explain myself; we all need a radical reformation; our hearts are full of disorders; the root and principle within us is altogether corrupt. Let you and I mend matters there; and then all will be well, and we shall cease to complain of the times and the government."

"Right, sir," replied the radical, "you are right sir;" and bowing respectfully retired.

ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1836.

WHO PROMOTE MOBS?

The N. H. Patriot published in a recent number the following very *anti-mobocratic* comments upon the recent disgraceful outbreaking of the "sovereign people" in the town of Concord:—

"The editor of the Observer seems to think that the petty prosecutions commenced in this town last week and tried before one of the ringleaders of abolition in this place, will have the effect to give perfect impunity to the abolition brawlers. In this we disagree with him, and we believe that our situation enables us better to judge correctly in this case than his—and we give it as our decided opinion that the feeling and spirit which drove the infamous Thompson from town last fall, still exists in all its determined vigor, and that the first attempt again to agitate that question in the same way will be met in a similar manner. So that if they regard the peace and quiet of the village—if they would prevent a recurrence of the scenes of last September, *we beseech them*—WE WARN THEM to forbear; and if they still persist in outraging the *public feeling*, by pressing their odious and treasonable measures, let the consequences rest where they ought, upon the heads of the authors. The late proceeding is not viewed in the light in which the editor of the Observer seems to consider it; on the contrary, it has but served to fan the sleeping embers, which on the next occasion will burst forth with the terrible fury of the volcano. Let all, then, who are peaceably inclined, be wise, and forbear to invite a further outbreaking of the *public sentiment*."

Public feeling, indeed! We expect next, forsooth, to hear the miserable creatures who thus violate law, styled patriots.

REV. A. STEVENS' ADDRESS

At the recent Anniversary of the Boston Methodist Sabbath School Society.

I take great pleasure, Mr. President, in speaking for the third time, on the anniversary of an Institution which, as well from its general utility as from the personal obligations which I owe it, I appreciate as among the first auxiliaries of the gospel. I am aware, sir, that the time will not allow me to enlarge on its merits, and that the interesting services of the occasion furnish a recommendation of it which renders unnecessary any further appeal; but there are two points of view in which I wish to exhibit its claims, and which I will glance at but a few minutes.

The first is in respect to its probable influence on the future character of the Christian Church, both laity and ministry. It is a truth which all observation has rendered familiar, that the earliest impressions of the mind are the most powerful, and are of the utmost moment in the development of the subsequent character. Hence, sir, the great importance every where attached to the early education of children—hence, the character of an adult individual is almost always a true criterion of his early training; and the intelligence and public virtue of a community is a sure index to its state of primary education. So that the fact now alluded to applies not only to individual character, but to the public character of communities; which is, indeed, but the aggregate of individual character.

Now, sir, with this important fact, taught us by the whole history of human nature, before us, what calculations may we not make in regard to the future influence of this Institution on the Christian Church, and, sir, on the whole moral world? It brings the great regenerating influences of the gospel to operate on the first moral susceptibilities of the young immortal spirit; it blends those influences with the tender unperverted sympathies, and innocent affections of childhood. It directs its soft rays and breathes refreshment on the budding flower, and props its fragile strength. And, sir, there is a purity in the first and fresh affections of the young heart—a purity which we all remember, but which the searing influence of later years too often and too fatally perverts—that is congenial with the influences of the gospel, and secures to them a much more promising effect than in later years. If early training has so remarkable an influence on the character of individuals and communities, we may well presume that when the Sabbath School shall have accomplished the full experiment of its influence, it will exhibit results the anticipation of which should send gladness and hope through the Christian world. That experiment has not yet been completed; it has been but partially prosecuted. A single generation has not yet passed since the general establishment of the Institution. Indeed, sir, the experiment is not fully *commenced* yet. The Institution has not yet obtained a general establishment, even in the Christian world. And yet, already, it has been productive of the most gratifying results; wherever it is in operation it is training up a new generation of Christians,—men and women disciplined almost from their cradle days, to the duties and enterprises of religion, with souls baptised into its spirit, and active with all its strenuous and quenchless energies. Who are they who make up the gross membership of our churches, and are most active in all their enterprises? Are they the aged—the middle aged? There are indeed a few of the former, the elders of Israel, who give venerable council in the gates of the city, and more of the latter; but it is confessed that the efficiency of the American Church is now in the hands of her young men and young women—those who have entered its pale since the epoch of Sabbath Schools.

Sir, this was not the case in the days of the fathers.—Youthful piety was then a remarkable circumstance. Youthful morality was indeed common, but not piety—the provisions of the times were just sufficient to impose the restraints of morality, which in mature years strengthened into piety. But now our congregations are thronged with the young. Look around this jammed audience. You, sir, that sit in that chair, are a young man, and have been a Sabbath School Scholar. I, sir, who am pleading the cause of the United Methodist Sabbath Schools of Boston, am a young man, and have been dug out of the deepest mire of "the horrible pit" by the Sabbath School. All of the Superintendants on this platform are young men, and have been Sabbath School Scholars. And here we sit, sir, intrenched by an army of our little warriors, while here and there through the congregation may be seen a venerable sire—and may God bless his hoary head!—rejoicing that we have thrust him into his tent, and taken the banners and battle axes into our own hands; and who has, during these interesting services, been looking up to heaven with tears in his eyes, saying, with old Simeon, "Now Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Our altars are bedewed with the penitent tears of youth and childhood. Juvenile piety is infusing spirit and vivacity into all the movements of Christendom, and the strong energy of young manhood has laid hold in its might upon the cross, and is redeeming the world, and sending trembling and dismay through the ranks of darkness and error. Sir, who can doubt that the Sabbath School has had an important agency in producing that spirit of moral enterprise which, since the date of this Institution but not before, has revived the Church into life, and filled the civilized world with wonder and amazement.

And what effect, sir, is this Institution having and is it destined to have on the ministry? How many hundreds who now stand prominently in its ranks, and thousands that are preparing to stand there, have received their first impressions of the truth, and their commission to preach it, through the hands of the faithful Sabbath School Teacher? Sir, it is the theological school of the Millenium! From it are to go forth those master spirits which will be demanded by the future emergencies of the Church, and who alone will be competent to conduct [illegible] whose strong arms are to hold up her ensigns in the last battles, and bear them on before a bowing world. Men who, like the youth of the best days of the classical nations, have been trained and hardened for the war from infancy. Self sacrificing, self abandoned men, who will throw their whole souls and bodies into every exigency of the Church, and like Leonidas and his 300 Spartans will guard the moral passes of the world against the millions of the enemy. Such men, sir, are wanted by the present openings for the spread of the gospel, and I cannot but think that Providence has brought into being this Institution as a wisely adapted means of meeting this necessity of the times.

But a second view of this Institution which appears interesting to me, sir, is the beautiful example it affords, of that sympathy and attentiveness for the well-being of all men which the Christian spirit inspires. It brings the light of eternity down to the very cradle. It sweetens the loveliness of childhood with the sanctifying influences of the gospel. It imparts the cheering comforts of those blessed doctrines which teach us the saving love of the Redeemer, the parental superintendence of our heavenly Father, and the hope of a peaceful heaven, where sorrowing and sighing shall flee away, and the hand of God shall wipe tears from all eyes, to the first inquiries and anxieties of the dawning and inquisitive mind. Instead of allowing those passions which deprave and embitter the heart to grow, until they become fixed habits, binding as with shackles of brass the soul, it endeavors to eradicate them in their first germination. It illuminates the smiles of unperverted childhood with the loveliness of infant piety, and throws around wayward youth the strong shield of religious principle. Instead of exposing, like Infidelity, these little lambs of the flock to every beast of prey that prowls to despoil them of their innocence, like an embodied angel it takes them to its arms, as did the Savior of the world, and blesses them. "*Of such is the kingdom of heaven.*" They are the emblems of the innocence of the skies. Under the training of the Sabbath School they have become the little cherubs and seraphs of the earthly Church.

Sir, I cannot but glory in the contrast in which this Institution thus places our common religion with the systems of blasphemers and sceptics. We will give to them the work of tumult and revolution, of speculation and wrangling; but it is our province to visit the widow and orphan in their affliction, to wipe the tears of sorrow from the cheek of the mourner, to minister at the sick bed, to protect childhood from vice, to shield youth from temptation, and to lay the hoary head of venerable age to rest in the grave of Christian hope.

These, Mr. President, are the two respects in which I commend the Sabbath School Institution to the attention of this audience. I am willing to confide it to their liberality, and I believe that their opinion of its importance will be *liberally* expressed by their contributions.

MORAL FORCE.—This is the only weapon that should ever be brought against the evils of the day. We beg our opponents one and all ever to remember this. The moral power of truth as it rolls onward cannot be resisted. Its wheels will crush error wherever it goes.—If the gospel, aided by the Pulpit and the Press, cannot stop the progress of Infidelity in its varied forms, the cause must be yielded. We disclaim all appeal to physical *resistance*.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.—The Albany Argus states that a colored man by the name of Mr. Top was recently burned to ashes, at Tripes Hill, N. Y. together with two of his children, one four, and the other one year old.—His wife was severely burnt, and barely escaped with her life. It seems that Top a year since, was sober, industrious and honest, and had accumulated, a handsome property; but by associating with a class of dissolute beings, he became their companion in riots and drunkenness. He came home that evening drunk; and heated his stove contrary to the advice of a friend, to such a degree, that the pipe communicated fire to the house, which, with himself and children were burnt to ashes.—B.

ZION'S WATCHMAN.—We supposed that we had noticed this periodical when it was first issued. We certainly had an article planned, but our friends tell us it never appeared. This paper is under the charge of the New York Wesleyan Society—an association devoted specially to the diffusion of anti-slavery principles. It is a large sheet, edited by our old and able friend and brother, Rev. La Roy Sunderland, and designed to disseminate generous principles throughout the Methodist Episcopal Church. Its columns are open to the discussion of all those great subjects which now agitate our body. The paper is a weekly compliment both to the Editor and Printer. Brother Sunderland has our warmest wishes for his success in every judicious effort for the advancement of truth.

"We are sorry that the powerful and sagacious mind of Mr. Sargent discovers danger in the great influx of these needy foreigners into our land. *Men* are our wealth.—But we want men that shall deserve the name. Can we not elevate them? Can we not cure their maladies, eradicate their evil habits? Truly we have great confidence in the destinies of our country, and of those who shall seek here a refuge, either from oppression or vice, and our reliance under God, is in a great measure upon such men as Mr. S. who have the moral courage to speak the *truth*, without asking who may be offended or pleased thereat. We hope and believe that "An Irish Heart" will not be less popular or less widely circulated than any of its predecessors."

The above is from that most excellent paper the American Temperance Intelligencer, published at Albany, N. York,—a paper that ought to be in every family in the nation. We think that Mr. Delevan does not precisely apprehend Mr. Sargent's meaning. That gentleman we presume would not discover danger from the influx of needy, but *intelligent*, *industrious*, and *truly pious* foreigners into our land. It is from the rush of the vicious, lazy, irreligious vagabonds he derives his alarm. And surely, there *is* danger, fearful danger, from the swarms of whiskey-drinking, papistical foreigners who stream down from Canada to fill our grog-shops, our alms-houses, our prisons;—creatures, too, who can with all their licentiousness and ignorance, acquire the same right to the ballot-box as the most virtuous native.

THE TRINITY.—Attention is invited to the article on our outside in defence of this doctrine. It is, in our judgment, perfectly incontrovertible.

WHAT OTHERS THINK.—The following is from the Connecticut Observer. Let those who read understand:

"Some of our Methodist brethren, through the medium of Zion's Herald, are taking high ground—not too high, however—respecting the duty of those who attend on the preaching of the gospel, to support the preacher. The amount of their plan, if we understand it aright, is that if their societies will not, when they are able, pay for preaching, they may go without it. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire,'—even though he labors in the ministry of the gospel. This, we know, is in the estimation of some, a business less worthy than most other kinds, of a reward. We are glad to see this movement in the Methodist church. We well remember the cry so frequent in our younger days, of 'hirelings,' 'man-made ministers,' &c, when it was regarded by many as a sort of crime, or disgrace, or both united, for a preacher to have a regular salary. We do not mention these things for the sake of reproaching the Methodists—but merely to show how the times and circumstances have changed,—and how men are changing with them.

[From our Correspondent.]

Love of Money cause of Mental Disease—This passion denounced by the Classic Poets—Effects of it on the Affections—Enumeration of Morbid Intellects—The Class of Superficial Minds—Causes of Mental Superficiality—Mental Character of Mackintosh.

MY DEAR SIR—In my last, I gave you an introduction to a social group in which I spent an evening. When we parted we were moralizing on the various classes of minds, specimens of which we had seen in the company. We were conversing about the class of morbid minds, of which our bilious and poetical friend, and the little sour man with the turned-up nose, were opposite examples. The peculiarity of the character of this latter was the result of his literary pursuits; but there are various other causes of the same state of mind. I can at this moment recall many examples of it that I have met with while stumbling along through life, which were entirely the result of business pursuits—the care of money. "Gold," says Sophocles, the ancient tragedian—

——"Gold is the worst of ills,
It taints the heart and turns the virtuous soul
To basest deeds—artificer of fraud
Supreme, and source of every wickedness."

Did Sophocles steal the sentiment, "source of every wickedness," from the Scriptures, "root of all evil,"—or is Scripture so true to nature, and nature in this respect so obvious to the most casual observation, that even a heathen poet could hit the truth with the exactness of inspiration? While the tragic muse weeps in Sophocles, at the evils of this strange passion, hear the muse of satire vent its spleen in Juvenal:

"Pernicious Gold! though yet no temples rise,
No altars to thy name perfume the skies,
Such as to Victory, Virtue, Faith are reared,
And Concord, where the clamorous stork is heard,
Yet is thy full divinity confessed,
And thy shrine fixed in every human breast."

Certainly no passion is so contemptible, as well as so vitiating, as the inordinate love of money. It is *irrational*. There is no logic in it, for in such cases the only imaginable motive to the acquisition of money, which is comfort and pleasure, is generally abandoned as endangering the success of the pursuit, and thus the object is lost in the cause. And when the little innocent indulgences of our nature are sacrificed, the same parsimony extends to our moral and social feelings. Selfishness absorbs them all into itself. They concentrate in our own little hearts. The poor wretch becomes a solitary unit among the millions of his race, insulated from them, though a drop in the same ocean. The result is absolute wretchedness. "There is a spring of little affections," says M'Kenzie, "which sweeten the most bitter cup of life as we drink it;" but this "spring of little affections" is frozen at the fountain head in the heart of the miser.

When I see a man so sympathetic as to be always complaining at the sufferings of mankind—so soft and tender that his intellect is always diluting itself into tears, I call him a morbid mind.

When, on the other hand, I see a man so intellectual as to have no animal sympathy—possessing so much sense as to have no sensibility, and living in a kind of abstraction from all other beings, I put *him* down among the morbid minds.

When I meet a man of such nice taste that every thing must be measured with line and plumb, and so precise that the least disorder of a part must throw the whole into confusion, who must mensurate with mathematics the paces of his walk, and must regulate the sight of his eyes by angles of incidence and angles of reflection, and when I recollect at the same time that gems are found in the rude rock, that the flowers and verdure of the field grow in manure; and that though the peacock can expand its tail with pride, it frequently trails it in the dust, and after all it is but a—tail, I class *such* men among the morbid minds.

On the other hand, when I meet a man who affects to despise those little accomplishments which, like the buttons on one's breeches and coat, are little in themselves, but make up a great deal of the convenience and comfort of life, one who assumes the rudeness of the brute and glories in it as stamina, solidity, and nobleness of manhood, and when I reflect that the central suns of heaven shine as little stars, and that the great Mechanist of nature has strown it with colorings and shapes of beauty, as well as constructed it for utility, I cannot but pity such an one as an ignoramus, so far as the knowledge of men and the philosophy of his own nature is concerned, and record *him* as among the morbid intellects.

But let us return again to our company. Here remain for our observation two more individuals, each specimens of a peculiar class of mental character—the loquacious dabler yonder, who really thinks his head contains as much erudition as the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, if not the Alexandrian library, and Dr. S., in the corner, who is known to the public as the author of several small publications on the subjects of his profession, which, though designed to be but temporary works, have nevertheless established the character of their author as a man of genius and wisdom.

The former is a sample of what might be called *superficial minds*. This state of intellect is generally the result of superficial education. If the individual has gone through the prescribed routine of a complete course of study, he has either done it so indolently as not to be thorough, or with such mental inability as frequently, even with the closest application, fails to remedy a defect that seems to lay in the innate powers, at the very foundation of the mind. It is doubtful if a loose education does not do more mischief frequently than no education at all, by making men who, in ignorance, would have good sense enough to know and guard against their deficiencies, presume themselves talented, because they have passed through the means which ought to have made them so. The contemptible confidence and boldness of such men, render them the most consummate blockheads that pretend to possess human souls. It was a true remark of Pope,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing—
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian stream."

Another cause of intellectual superficiality is tenacity of memory for the minutiæ of facts. The assertion is paradoxical, but it is philosophical also. Who has not met with men who were hardly possessed of common sense, that could recall with the utmost precision the occurrence of a snow storm, or some local accident that transpired years ago? and who has not, on the other hand, met with the most judicious and discriminating minds, that were always perplexed with the treachery of the memory? The cause of the difference is obvious. Where a tenacious memory is possessed, the judgment is neglected, the mind decides in every new difficulty, by a mere reference to precedents. But where there is no reliance on memory, the stronger powers, the *judging* and *contriving* powers, are compelled to afford relief. Great variety of knowledge, especially much miscellaneous reading, tends to this state of the mental faculties. Did you ever know a great *reader* (not *student*) especially in the fictitious literature of the age, whose brain was not a congeries of soap bubbles? I think it was Pliny the younger who says, "We ought to read *much*, but not *many* books;" and Bacon remarks, with his characteristic point and quaintness, "that some books are to be *tasted*, others to be *swallowed*, and some few to be *chewed* and *digested*." And allow me to add to these sage advices another, venerable to many of us. "Take notice, Sancho," says Don Quixote to his patient squire, "take notice that the very parts which some men do not taste, may be like moles that sometimes add to the beauty of the face that wears them."

The prevalence of the imagination is a source of mental superficiality. But yet no trait of the mind is so valuable and noble as the imagination when disciplined.—When properly trained, it becomes the regulator of the affections of the heart, the moral sentiments, and of even the most rigid processes of the understanding. It is essential, says Stewart, to the proper operation of the reasoning faculties, as a means of perceiving with quickness and clearness the bearings and relations of different truths. That splendid writer, Sir J. Mackintosh, says that it is a fusion of imagination with reason that constitutes the philosophical genius of Bacon. And who, that is acquainted with the excellent though brief and incomplete emanations of the genius of Mackintosh, is not convinced that the description applies equally to himself.—His knowledge took in alike the whole range of philosophical speculation, and the whole circumference of classical and modern polite literature. The philosophical ethics of the ancients, the abstruse and perplexing dogmas that proceeded from the Gothic intellects of the scholastic ages, and all the infidel as well as orthodox moral theories of modern times, were pervaded and sifted through and through by his master mind, and are exhibited with a condensed power, a splendor of style, and a frequent though not obtrusive disclosure of the noble heart of the author, in his *Progress of Ethical Philosophy*, in a manner which will render that work as much a memorial of his own character and genius as it is a valuable contribution to science. No public individual of modern times has presented such a perfect example of the noble traits of character which distinguished the best days of the Roman patriciate, combined with the accomplishments of modern life and the excellencies of Christianity, as Sir J. Mackintosh.

G. H. I.

☞ Attention is invited to brother True's advertisement. He was formerly a teacher in the Amenia Seminary. We *know* him as a scholar, and can safely recommend him. A knowledge of French is one of the *useful* accomplishments of the age. Every lady and gentleman who has the time to spare, should learn it.

The terms are but little more than half the usual price.

AMENIA SEMINARY.—This Institution is under the patronage of the New York Conference. The Board of Instruction and Government are, our old friend the Rev. Charles K. True, A. M. Principal—Department of Moral and Intellectual Science; Mr. Frederick Merrick—Department of Natural Science; Mr. Joseph True—Department of Mathematics and Modern Languages; Mr. Daniel P. Kidder—Classical Department; Miss Lavina Barker—Female Department; Mr. Amos Prindle—Assistant, Juvenile Department; Mr. David Clark—Steward.

Although the Seminary has been in operation but two terms, it has placed itself upon an elevated and firm basis. The number of scholars is 162.

REV. JOHN WESLEY.—The following *generous*, and we might say *affectionate* tribute to the memory of Mr. Wesley, is from the pen of that amiable Christian and scholar, the REV. DR. HUMPHREY, President of Amherst College. It was written on the occasion of his recent visit to England.

We have sometimes been accused, as a denomination, of too much reverence for Mr. Wesley. But we admire him for the same reason that Dr. Humphrey does. Not for his learning, or because he was a man of wonderful forecast and sagacity, or simply because he was a Methodist; but because he was a "man of eminent piety, unquenchable zeal and prodigious labors"—because he was a man who lived not for himself, but in the broadest

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uch an one as an ignoramus, so far as
men and the philosophy of his own
l, and record *him* as among the mor-

n again to our company. Here re-
ervation two more individuals, each
culiar class of mental character—the
yonder, who really thinks his head
erudition as the Edinburgh Encyclo-
lexandrian library, and Dr. S., in the
wn to the public as the author of sev-
tions on the subjects of his profession,
igned to be but temporary works, have
lished the character of their author as
nd wisdom.
sample of what might be called *super-*
s state of intellect is generally the re-
education. If the individual has gone
ribed routine of a complete course of
her done it so indolently as not to be
such mental inability as frequently,
sest application, fails to remedy a de-
lay in the innate powers, at the very
mind. It is doubtful if a loose education
mischief frequently than no education
men who, in ignorance, would have
to know and guard against their defi-
themselves talented, because they
gh the means which ought to have
he contemptible confidence and bold-
, render them the most consummate
retend to possess human souls. It was
Pope,
ning is a dangerous thing—
or taste not the Pierian stream."
intellectual superficiality is tenacity of
inutiæ of facts. The assertion is para-
philosophical also. Who has not met
ere hardly possessed of common sense,
with the utmost precision the occur-
torm, or some local accident that tran-
and who has not, on the other hand,
ost judicious and discriminating minds,
perplexed with the treachery of the
cause of the difference is obvious. Where
ory is possessed, the judgment is neglect-
cides in every new difficulty, by a mere
cedents. But where there is no reliance
stronger powers, the *judging* and *con-*
re compelled to afford relief. Great va-
ge, especially much miscellaneous read-
state of the mental faculties. Did you
at *reader* (not *student*) especially in the
re of the age, whose brain was not a
p bubbles? I think it was Pliny the
ys, "We ought to read *much*, but not
nd Bacon remarks, with his characteris-
aintness, "that some books are to be
be *swallowed*, and some few to be *chew-*
." And allow me to add to these sage
, venerable to many of us. "Take no-
says Don Quixote to his patient squire,
at the very parts which some men do
e like moles that sometimes add to the
ee that wears them."
ce of the imagination is a source of men-
But yet no trait of the mind is so val-
as the imagination when disciplined.—
trained, it becomes the regulator of the
heart, the moral sentiments, and of even
rocesses of the understanding. It is es-
wart, to the proper operation of the rea-
as a means of perceiving with quick-
s the bearings and relations of different
plendid writer, Sir J. Mackintosh, says
of imagination with reason that consti-
phical genius of Bacon. And who, that
h the excellent though brief and incom-
of the genius of Mackintosh, is not con-
escription applies equally to himself.—
ook in alike the whole range of philo-
tion, and the whole circumference of
dern polite literature. The philosophical
ncients, the abstruse and perplexing
ceeded from the Gothic intellects of the
nd all the infidel as well as orthodox
of modern times, were pervaded and
nd through by his master mind, and are
condensed power, a splendor of style,
hough not obtrusive disclosure of the no-
author, in his *Progress of Ethical Phi-*
anner which will render that work as
l of his own character and genius as it
ontribution to science. No public indi-
times has presented such a perfect ex-
le traits of character which distinguished
the Roman patriciate, combined with the
s of modern life and the excellencies of
Sir J. Mackintosh.
G. H. I.

is invited to brother True's advertise-
formerly a teacher in the Amenia Sem-
w him as a scholar, and can safely recom-
knowledge of French is one of the *useful*
s of the age. Every lady and gentleman
e to spare, should learn it.
but little more than half the usual price.

MINARY.—This Institution is under the
New York Conference. The Board of
Government are, our old friend the Rev.
, A. M. Principal—Department of Mor-
ual Science; Mr. Frederick Merrick—
Natural Science; Mr. Joseph True—De-
thematics and Modern Languages; Mr.
er—Classical Department; Miss Lavina
Department; Mr. Amos Prindle—As-
Department; Mr. David Clark—Stew-

Seminary has been in operation but two
ced itself upon an elevated and firm ba-
er of scholars is 162.

WESLEY.—The following *generous*, and
ffectionate tribute to the memory of Mr.
n the pen of that amiable Christian and
v. DR. HUMPHREY, President of Am-
It was written on the occasion of his re-
gland.
etimes been accused, as a denomination,
erence for Mr. Wesley. But we admire
ne reason that Dr. Humphrey does. Not
, or because he was a man of wonderful
acity, or simply because he was a Metho-
se he was a "man of eminent piety, un-
l and prodigious labors"—because he was
ved not for himself, but in the broadest

---

sense, for God, and the world—because he renounced his own ease—practically sacrificed his own temporal interest, and spent the whole of a long life, in literally going about doing good. We love him for his piety, his benevolence, and his innumerable, self-denying labors for his perishing fellow men. We cherish in grateful hearts, the soul-cheering reflection, that thousands have gone to rest in heaven, and thousands more are on their way thither, who were brought to God through his direct, or remote instrumentality. But after all, we give all the praise and glory to God. We would not, nor are we sensible that we do, idolize Mr. Wesley. He was a good man, and we love to think of him and his labors; and so would many thousand others, who, at the mention of his name, exhibit nothing but indifference, or contempt, were they to become acquainted with his eminently useful life.—B.

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S CHAPEL.

This if I was rightly informed, is one of the largest Dissenting places of worship in London. The sexton showed us the building, and pointed out the place where sleep the remains of that extraordinary man, who once held listening thousands here in breathless attention. I felt a thrill run over me, as I stepped up into the pulpit, and stood in the very spot from which the great founder of one of the most flourishing denominations in the United Kingdom, so often addressed his early followers. It is not necessary for a person to abjure Calvinism, or even to be influenced by the slightest Methodistical biases, in order to admire such a man as John Wesley. I am sure of it, from my own experience. How gladly would I have seen that venerable form, and heard that persuasive voice. Not that I would have disturbed his repose, had it been in my power. But as I can never cease to admire the men of whatever sect, who stood up for evangelical piety in a suffering and degenerate age, so it would be quite impossible for me to visit the very place where they worshipped God and tread upon their ashes without strong emotion. This is not the place to discuss the merits, or the creed of Mr. Wesley. From some of his doctrinal views many of us conscientiously dissent. But certainly he was a man of wonderful forecast and sagacity, as well as eminent piety, unquenchable zeal, and prodigious labors. He was born to command—not by the power of the sword, but by a high moral and religious influence—not by the *help* of the secular and ecclesiastical arm, but in *spite* of it. The time will come, I have no doubt, when John Wesley will have swayed more minds, and will have left a deepe rimpress of himself upon human society, than Napoleon Bonaparte: for the image of the Conqueror will nearly vanish with the first generation, while that of the *Reformer* seems likely to retain much of its original freshness, and to multiply its impressions, for ages to come. The remains of Dr. Adam Clarke lie near to those of Mr. Wesley.

ABNER KNEELAND.—We wish it to be distinctly understood that in all our controversies with this gentleman, we mean not to impugn his private character. We have no reason to think but his life has always been free from reproach, save the reproach of deserting the ministry, and becoming an Infidel. It is with his *sentiments* we war. He is an individual of superior mental endowments; and so much the more do we regret their desecration. We write this as a matter of mere justice.

LICENCES.

The Innholders and Retailers of the county of Norfolk held a convention at Alden's, in Dedham, on Thursday last, the 14th inst. to take into consideration the refusal of the County Commissioners to grant them licences. We are told that in consequence of the reprehensible course (*a*) of these officers, many of the taverns in Norfolk county are closed. There was a similar attempt made at Worcester last year, which produced a great excitement there. We are advocates of temperance, (*b*) but we most heartily disapprove of the fanatical course of the ultra temperance preachers; most of them are canting hypocrites, (*c*) who have mounted this hobby from sinister motives,—mere dish-water politicians, devoid of honesty and common sense, but overflowing with selfishness and arrogance.

What right, we would ask, have the County Commissioners to attempt at the dictation of such persons, to change the business of a whole class—to deprive them of their ordinary means of getting a living. If the legislature and the people had not intended that this business should be followed, they would have prohibited it by law, but instead of that they have authorized the County Commissioners to grant licences. (*d*) The law has, it is true, lodged with them a discretionary power to refuse licences to improper persons. But under that discretion the commissioners have no right to prohibit the business, which would be to defeat the very purpose of their appointment. None but the muddy-headed pettifoggers who guide their acts would ever have conceived so great an absurdity. We advise the citizens of Norfolk County to bring these commissioners up to the bolt ring. (*e*) But what is more important, let them send liberal minded men to the General Court, who will amend the law, (*f*) and who will not attempt to deprive men of the right of selling that which the laws of the United States, the paramount law of the land, authorizes to be imported and sold. We say to the Innkeepers of Norfolk County, go ahead, and compel the commissioners to do their duty.—*Boston Post.*

(*a*) The reprehensible course of which the Post speaks, is the refusal of the Commissioners for Norfolk County to license retailers of Alcohol. Of the *reprehensibility* of this proceeding, we assure the Post, there is more than one doubt in the community. For ourself, we honor the men.

(*b*) Indeed.

(*c*) We are heartily sorry for that. Will the Post give us their names, and the proof, that we may help blazon their hypocrisy. If what the Post says be a fact, the sooner they are exposed the better.

(*d*) They have authorized the Commissioners to give as many licenses as they deem for THE PUBLIC GOOD.—Now, Mr. Post, if they do not deem *any* for the public good, surely they would transcend their duty by *giving* any. They have plenary power to decide whether one hundred, or one, or none, shall be licensed.

(*e*) We, as a citizen of that county, advise them to do no such thing. Let the *seller* of the accursed thing, if any one, be brought to the ring bolt.

(*f*) Aye—so say we. Let liberal minded men, "who will amend the law," and make the vending of Alcohol as a beverage, an ATROCIOUS CRIME, be sent to that body.

INTERESTING LETTER.

South America promises to be an extremely important field of labor. It will, probably, soon be as much so as any other under the charge of the M. E. Church. The following letter from Rev. F. E. Pitts, we commend to our readers.

BUENOS AYRES, Jan. 7, 1836.

Dear Brother—The little Methodist chapel in this city has been opened for some time, and I have preached constantly to crowded congregations. Our room, though small, will accommodate a good number, and is the best that could be obtained; it is in the heart of the city, and was formerly occupied by the American consul. Although a good many have sometimes gone away for want of room, the dear people are disposed to hear, and, thank God, some of them give evidence that they feel. I have been greatly encouraged to preach to them "the unsearchable riches of Christ," and show them the way to heaven. The good work has commenced; and the Lord grant to extend it gloriously through this vast city, and among the countless thousands of this immense continent. Time was, when there was a respectable number of Methodists here; but, as I wrote you, I found but a very small number. Discouraged, without the means of grace, the most of them had left for other countries. Our little band is increasing; and our cause appears to meet with the strong approbation of the most of our intelligent and influential North American citizens. Of the patience and prudence that were necessary to effect a recognition on the part of the Argentine government, I will tell you at another time. Suffice it to say, this government has officially approved, and I preach Jesus here as freely and as independently as I would at home.

You shall hear soon of the result of my efforts to raise funds to build a house of worship for the M. E. Church, in Buenos Ayres. There is this, however, in the preamble of the subscription, "That the pews, or seats, are to be free for ever;" that the rich and the poor may sit together, for the Lord is the maker of them both.

I am convinced in my own mind, that at least three missions might be commenced with propriety,—one in Rio; one near Rio Grande, where there is a German colony of about 7000 souls: here the English language is spoken, and I understand they have no worship by either Catholics or Protestants. This being in the empire of Brazil, consequently will offer the same privileges to Protestants as Rio de Janeiro. This colony is called *Leopoldana*, about forty miles from Porte Alegro. And lastly, another at this place.

There are other very important places where the foreign population is considerable, such as St. Salvador, in the north part of Brazil, and Valparaiso, in Chili, where, from the best information I can command, the gospel might be preached without molestation. Nevertheless, I would not refer to them as missionary posts, without being more fully satisfied by the most accurate and rigid information of the state of things, which I shall shortly acquire.

I cannot close this communication, without doing myself the sincere pleasure of acknowledging, in this manner, the very great obligations I am under to the Hon. Henry Clay, for the important services his generosity has rendered me and the Church to which I have the honor to be a member, toward introducing the gospel of Christ in South America.

Yours in the bonds of a pure and peaceable gospel,

F. E. PITTS.

MR. TEFFT'S POEM.—We have received a poetical "Appeal to American Patriots," by Benj. F. Tefft, A. B., Teacher in the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, and delivered before the Calliopean Society of that institution. When we first cast our eye upon it, we supposed it to belong to that numerous class of ephemeral productions that swarm the country to disgrace their authors for a day, and then to be forgotten. But upon reading the first page, we were enchained, thrilled and delighted. We read passages from it aloud to a gentleman of some poetical celebrity, and an excellent critic; and he agreed with us, that it indicated no ordinary power.

The poem is of the Byron (or perhaps more properly the Spencerian) school. Pray, why has Mr. Tefft been so long unknown? He bursts upon us like the sun from a cloud.

Occasionally faults—principally metrical—are discovered; the following among others:

"—— —— I, the lowliest of that throng
Who've anon sought thy favor. ——"

Exceedingly harsh.

"To dress some grovelling tale or sensual round:
Come, strike one note for freedom on freedom's chosen ground.

The last line contains a syllable too many.

The following quotations manifest *mind:*

* * * * * * * * *

The lapse of centuries is gone;—when lo!
The British lion lays his vengeful claw
On freedom's bird!—afar the notes of wo
Peal loud and strong. The sons of freedom saw
The insult, nor idly do they stand, but draw
Their fearful blades to meet th' abetting foe
Which thickens round the scene.—The lion's maw
Opes wide its horrid portals.—Freemen, oho!
Go save your bird! arise! to death or victory go!

* * * * * * * * *

The struggle long endures,—the clouds of war
Hang low'ring thick and dark o'er all our sky;
Day falls—midnight rises on morn—afar
The shaking thunders roll!—the war dog's cry
Is heard;—the rocks, and hills, and woods reply;—
Aha! strike! warriors, strike! Ah! can ye see
Your bird a prey to British tyranny!—
The blow is given,—the soaring eagle's free,—
She mounts her native skies and all is liberty.

* * * * * * * * *

On high our floating banner waves;—afar
Its stripes are seen to flap the rustling breeze;
A constellation studs its folds;—each star
Has cost the blood of many!—My veins freeze
And boil alternate, as reflection sees
Afresh the fields of blood which swam with gore
Of those who purchased thus our liberties!—
Full many a bone lies bleaching on some shore
While mothers weep at home, and sisters' hearts deplore,

Their sons and brothers slain!—Each deafening peal
That rends the air and echoes far around
O'er hills and vales, in lasting anguish seals
Up many a parent's heart!—See! here are found
In Mars' red field, unburied o'er the ground,
The blasted hopes of widows, orphans, sires!
In heaps of slain they lie, or 'neath the mound
Their friends throw o'er them.—While at home the fires
Burn bright, the wife waits, infants call,—the sire expires!

Such! freemen, such the price of Liberty!—
'Twas bought with fathers' blood and mothers' tears!—
And heaven has blessed the purchase:—*Ye are free!*
A sunny peace o'er all the land!—No fears
From invading foes disturb your joys;—and years
Roll onward; heaven yet smiles around.—But can
Ye see a reckless band whom fury rears
To fight her battles, untaught by law, insane
With vengeance, freely violate the rights of man?—

The rights of freemen!—rights which Heaven bestows
And sanctions!—this—is this philanthropy?
May my blood freeze whene'er its current flows
In such a channel!—Spirit of Liberty!
Are rights so dearly purchased, *can* they be
Thus bounded by a narrow stream which rolls
Its peaceful waves 'twixt sister States?—In thee,
America! on thy blest soil, now tolls
The knell of Liberty! "*Stop there, or lose your souls!*"

Sons of Washington! go, sheathe your blades,
And brandish them no more.—The cause is one,
But *each* must have its sphere.—The eye invades
The ear because it does not see!—Be done [sun
With war.—SPEECH IS, AND MUST BE, FREE.—The
Of Liberty sends forth its sacred beams
O'er all who breathe the air which Jefferson
And Franklin breathed;—from North to South it seems
To teach as well as shine, "*Let there be light!*"—It gleams

Triumphant radiance through the world! It strikes
A terror to the heart of despots;—melts
The chains of tyranny;—burns out the spikes
And bolts of dungeons;—softens the rough insults
Of aristocracy which rasp the poor;—
Unnerves th' oppressor's grasp, who e'er exults
In wringing out misfortunes at the door
Of imbecility; and tyrants skulk
Before its blaze, as George once did in days of yore.

Glorious Constitution! Thou central sun
Of twice twelve orbs which circulate around
Thy brilliant throne!—how wide thy glories burn!
O'er earth and sea!—o'er arch and tower and mound;—
O'er chiseled grandeur;—cloud-girt spires, where sound
Th' eternal tread and din of men!—o'er hills
And cragged mountains!—where the liquid ground
Bubbled up when earth crusted—thy light fills
All these! this New World is full of thee! * *

* * * * * * * * *

American Constitution!—blood-bought chart
Of freedom!—talisman of human bliss!—
Thou signet to universal freedom!—heart
Of liberty's full tide, whose choked pulse is
Beating, throbbing in the world's arteries!—
Abyss of thought, deep, unfathomed!—great
Colossal monument of prudence!—This
Thou art and more to man, incarnate spirit
Of liberty! offspring of Heaven's great Architect!

Charter of Liberty!—how wast thou coolly signed
By a whole nation, with pens didded in gore
Of brothers, fathers, infants, mothers, destined
To bleed for man!—Thousands pledged before
A gazing universe, and stern-eyed Justice hoar,
To seal the union which thou fain wouldst make
With their heart's blood;—and thus 'twas sealed of yore.
Shall we not seal it?—Can hell's thunders shake
Our minds to blend Liberty with Law! Freemen, awake!

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

A public meeting of the Boston Methodist Temperance Society will be held next Sabbath evening, commencing at 7 o'clock, in Bromfield street Chapel.

Addresses may be expected from Rev. S. Graham, of New York, Rev. A. Stevens, of this city, and Rev. Mr. Hunt, of North Carolina.

MAIL BOOK LOST.

We are requested by the Editors of the Christian Advocate and Journal to state, that on examination they find, that although they were so fortunate as to save nearly all their mail books from destruction by the late fire, yet one of them, at least, which contained the names of their subscribers in Caledonia, Orange, Orleans, and the eastern parts of Washington, Windham, and Windsor counties, in the state of Vermont, is missing. They will be obliged to their agents in those sections of the country, to procure and forward the names of their subscribers, with the time when they commenced taking the paper.

I abhor two principles in religion, and pity them that own them. The first, is obedience upon authority without conviction: and the other, destroying them that differ from me for God's sake. Such a religion is without judgment, though not without truth. *Union* is best, if right—else *charity.—Wm. Penn.*

SMITH'S MEMOIRS.—A copy of this work should be in the hands of every Methodist minister, and every lover of pure, flaming zeal, in the cause of Christ. It appears to me that it is impossible for a Christian, and especially a minister, to read the book, without feeling his convictions to duty awakened with renewed intensity.

B. OTHEMAN.

The above work is to be sold at David H. Ela's, No. 19 Washington street.

METHODIST SABBATH SCHOOLS IN BOSTON.

NORTH BENNETT STREET SCHOOL.—*W. Waterhouse*, Superintendent.

There is nothing of extraordinary interest connected with this school during the past year.

The Library contains about 380 volumes—which are by no means adequate to the wants of the scholars.

The number of teachers is 34. The superintendent speaks in very complimentary terms of their fidelity. But at least fifteen more are wanted. Cannot this number be obtained from the large and intelligent congregation at Bennett street? Who will volunteer?

There are now in actual attendance 203 scholars. Not any are known to have been converted during the past year.

Among the scholars there is a Juvenile Missionary Society, and among the teachers and others, a Sabbath School Clothing Society. The object of the latter is expressed in its name. It has been of great assistance to the school, and deserves marked approbation.

BROMFIELD STREET.—*J. Sleeper*, Superintendent.

In this school there are 26 teachers, and about 200 scholars. The "Teachers' Second Book," a very valuable production, is used.

The Library contains 620 volumes.

A branch of the Sunday School Missionary Society was organized last July, in this school. It consists of about 70 members. It has already raised $22. The superintendent states that they appear much pleased with this excellent opportunity of saving their money.

There is one peculiarly interesting fact connected with the history of this school during the preceding year—it is that there has been a very pleasant revival among the scholars. Conversions have taken place in nearly every class. A Juvenile Class Meeting has been formed in the Church which contains at present 22 members. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

YOUNG MEN'S METHODIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—This Society has a number of Auxiliaries in New England, but we do not know how many, or their location. The object of this notice is, respectfully to request them to report the state of such societies, as soon as practicable to the Corresponding Secretary of the above named Society. It will be seen by a reference to the Herald of last week, that the Society contemplate the establishment of a mission to Hayti, one of the West India Islands. To carry this into effect, we shall need all the aid which auxiliaries can afford us.

WM. C. BROWN, *Cor. Sec'ry.*

April 19, 1836.

JUNIOR PREACHERS.

The Junior Preachers are again reminded that their Semi-Annual Meeting will commence on Monday next, April 25th, at Holliston, Mass. An introductory sermon will be delivered by Rev. B. Otheman. It is hoped that our young brethren will be general and punctual in their attendance.

H. CUMMINGS, } *Com.*
A. STEVENS, }

☞ Received for the Missionary Education Society, in behalf of the Treasurer,—

By the Rev. B. Otheman, from the South street Church in Lynn,	$25.00
By the Rev. P. Sabin, from Needham,	1.00

R. SPAULDING, *Cor. Sec'ry.*

Boston, April 16, 1836.

CHAPTER OF NEWS.

On Thursday morning last, Charles Wright, son of Mr. Caleb Wright, grocer, in Cambridge street, was found hanging in the chamber over his father's shop, and quite dead. No cause is assigned for the act.

The vault of the Merchants' Bank, in Providence, was opened between Saturday night and Monday morning last, and a large sum of money ($116,000) in bills of various banks stolen. $5000 is offered for the recovery of the money.

The Providence Journal mentions that as the train, consisting of nine cars, was going from Boston on Tuesday afternoon of last week, with 150 passengers to the steamboat Providence, when within about seven miles of the depot in that city, the baggage car was discovered to be on fire, and in spite of all efforts, at least one half of the baggage was consumed. The newspaper mail for New York was totally destroyed. The letter mail, it is believed, was saved.

In Providence, on Tuesday of last week, a man by the name of Ball, aged 55, made an attack upon his wife while in a state of intoxication, and stabbed her in two places. It is thought she will not recover. The fiend afterwards made an unsuccessful attempt to take his own life, by cutting his throat. He is now in jail.

A Philadelphia paper mentions, on the authority of a wholesale dealer in ardent spirits in that city, that there is not at the present time as much liquor sold in Philadelphia, by fifty per cent. as there was five years ago.

The cylinder mill belonging to Vernet & Solomon's Powder Works, near Spottswood, N. J., blew up on Wednesday evening, killing one man, Mr. Harrison Ware of Vermont. The explosion was felt several miles from that place. Mr. Ware was blown the distance of 400 yards, his body torn into several pieces, and its mutilated fragments scattered in every direction.

Horrid Murder and Arson.—A young woman named Ellen Jewett, late of Hallowell, Me., boarding with Mrs. Townsend, of No. 41 Thomas street, (a house of ill fame) was murdered in her bed yesterday morning. The circumstances, as we have heard them, are as follows:—Miss Jewett had been for some time the kept mistress of Francis P. Robinson, of Connecticut, clerk in a respectable mercantile house in Maiden lane, who, it appears, from some unknown cause, became jealous and demanded of her a miniature likeness of himself, which he had presented to her, and also some correspondence that had passed between them, which she refused to give up. Nothing, however, occurred to lead to a supposition that any violence was intended. On Saturday night Robinson visited the house at the usual hour, and remained with her until 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, when he was heard by those sleeping in the lower part of the house to come down stairs; and finding the door locked, he went to the back door, unbolted it, and in the act of climbing over the fence, his cloak was caught by a nail, torn from his shoulders, and left on the fence, with a sharp *hatchet* tied to its tassels, where it was found in the morning. A short time after he left, the inmates were alarmed by a dense smoke which filled the house almost to suffocation. On going up stairs, into the room of the unfortunate girl, the smoke was found to proceed from her bed, which was on fire, and on which lay her dead body, her head mangled in the most shocking manner, three deep wounds having been inflicted on her temples and forehead. Suspicion immediately rested on Robinson, who was arrested about 8 o'clock, at his boarding house in Liberty street, and conducted by the officers to Thomas street, where the murder was committed, and where the coroner's jury was sitting over the dead body. Verdict of the jury, wilful murder. Robinson was after the inquest examined at the police office, and committed to Bridewell.

After leaving Thomas street, he went to his boarding house and retired to bed, doubtless with the belief that the fire he had communicated to the bed would destroy the building and its inmates, and thus conceal his black-hearted crime.

Robinson is a young man apparently about 20 years of age, of good address and confident manner, and was clerk to Joseph Hoxie, Esq. It is said he went through his examination with the most perfect composure, and was observed to smile when the officers were conducting him to Bridewell.—*N. Y. Com. Adv. of Monday, 11th inst.*

The N. Y. Herald states that the murdered girl was a native of Augusta, Me., and that her real name was Dorcas Dorrance. She lived for a short time in Portland, as "Maria B. Benson;" and afterwards in Boston as "Helen Mar." She was one of the most beautiful of her degraded *caste*, and has seduced more young men by her beauty and blandishments, than any known in the police records.

Another N. York paper says that "the person charged with having committed the deed, is a young man under 20, of small stature, mild and modest in his deportment, and a clerk to one of our principal merchants. Up to the present time, he asserts his entire innocence of any knowledge or participation in the murder; and those who know him most intimately still believe in his innocence, notwithstanding the blackening circumstances and evidence against him."

Exploring Expedition.—The Committee on Naval Affairs in the U. S. Senate have reported a bill directing an exploring expedition to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas, and authorizing the President to send out a sloop of war for that purpose, together with such smaller vessels as may be required.

Important from Texas.—Late intelligence of melancholy interest has been received at New York from Texas, by the way of New Orleans. The fort at Bexar, with a garrison of 187 men, under Lt. Col. W. B. Travis, was besieged by the Mexican army during the latter part of February and the beginning of March; and after being repeatedly attacked during that time without success on the part of the besiegers, it was at length taken by storm on the night of the 6th of March, by a force of 2000 men under Santa Anna himself, and every person in the garrison butchered in the most savage manner, except one woman and a servant of Col. Travis. Gen. Cos directed the servant to point out to him the body of his master, which, when discovered by him, he mutilated with his sword in the most shocking manner. Among the persons who fell bravely fighting in defence of the fort, was the famous Col. David Crockett of Tennessee. The Mexicans, it was estimated, had 500 men killed, and about as many wounded. Santa Anna sent a messenger to Gen. Houston, commander of the Texans, at a place not far distant, announcing the capture of Bexar, and offering terms of peace and amnesty, if they would lay down their arms, but the offer was peremptorily rejected.

Married,

In this city, Mr. Daniel Goodnow to Miss Ann Doggett.—Mr. Gardiner C. Whiting to Miss Margaret A. Beck.—Mr. Ezra H. Wright to Miss Mary Jane Wheeler, of Portland.—John W. James, Esq. Counsellor at Law, to Miss Julia B. daughter of Mr. Ralph Huntington.—Mr. John Ferguson, of Charlestown, to Miss Mary Ann Wells, of Boston.—Mr. Cyrus Sawyer to Miss Mary C. daughter of John Cushing, Esq.—On Wednesday evening, by Rev. D. Fillmore, Mr. Thomas Cook to Miss Pamela Kennard, both of Boston.

In South Boston, on Tuesday evening, by Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Benjamin H. Subbs to Miss Aspasia P. E. Pittman.

In Lunenburg, by Rev. T. W. Tucker, Rev. Joseph S. Ellis, of the Methodist E. Church, to Miss Henrietta, daughter of Mr. Ephraim Jones of L.

Died,

In this city, Miss Eunice Ford, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Bates, 16.—Mrs. Eunice, wife of Mr. Jacob Bender, 42.—Mr. John Sowden, Jr. 32.—Miss Elizabeth Elison, 19.—Miss Eunice C. daughter of Mr. David Pittee, 18.—Miss Elizabeth Gleason, 19.—Miss Frances L. Child, 28. [Whole number of deaths in this city last week, [illegible].]

In Malden, Mr. Oliver Cousens, 32. He fell accidentally into a clay pit, and was drowned. [Editors in Maine are respectfully requested to copy this.]

In West Cambridge, Maj. Josiah Whittemore, 71.

In East Bridgewater, widow Mary Thomas, 81.

In North Bridgewater, Mr. Darius Howard, 63.

In Thomaston, Me., Mr. Joseph Stackpole. He had an action against the town of Thomaston, in the Supreme Court for several years, for ill treatment, which was decided the last term—the jury awarding him one cent damages. This is supposed to have so preyed upon his spirits as to cause his death.

Ship News.

PORT OF BOSTON.

MONDAY, April 11.

Arrived, schr. Echo, Portland.

Cleared, ship Surat, New Orleans—Brigs Cadet, Surinam; Wallace, Baltimore—Schr. Jasper, New York—Sloop Mechanic, Beverly.

TUESDAY, April 12.

Arrived, ships Fortitude, Calcutta 20th Dec.; Burmah, New Orleans 21st ult.—Bark Kent, Canton, Lintin Dec. 12—Brigs Harbinger, Fayal 21st ult.; Frances, and Export, New Orleans—Schrs. Fly, Argyle, NS.; Boston, Machias; Dover Packet, Dover; Brilliant, Newburyport; Minerva, do.; Mary Gay, Portsmouth.

Cleared, ship Ann, New Orleans—Brigs Billow, Rochelle; Varna, Hamburg—Schrs. Hannah, Yarmouth, NS.; Union, do.; Henry Goldsmith, Annapolis, NS.; Hope & Susan, New York; William, Damariscotta; Actor, Newburyport; Clifford, Plymouth; Pearl, Salisbury—Sloops Atalanta, Plymouth; Nantucket, for Nantucket; Common Chance, Salem.

WEDNESDAY, April 13.

Arrived, bark Chief, Charleston—Schrs. Edwin, Argyle, NS; Kenhawa, Charleston; Boundary, Eastport; Comet, Belfast; Olive Branch, Bath; Grape, Kennebunk; Exeter, Portland; Union, Phippsburg; Pyretes, and Polly, Scituate—Sloop Thetis, Plymouth.

Cleared, ship Nantasket, New Orleans—Brigs Attila, Pernambuco; Leavitts, Mansanilla; Morgiana, Portland—Schrs. Ben, St. Johns, NF.; Fair Trader, Liverpool, NS.; Grecian, Albany; Page, Wm. Roscoe, Oscar, and Aurora, New York; Emblem, New London; Tremont, Bangor.

THURSDAY, April 14.

Arrived, schrs. Armide, Halifax; Dorchester, St. John, NB.; Thos. Wyer, do.; Amazon, Windsor, NS.; Mystic, Nansemond; Chickatabut, Philadelphia; Cambridge, New York; Gov. Robbins, Lubec; Young Hornet, Portsmouth.

Cleared, bark Newton, New Bedford—Brigs Fame, Cronstadt; Baltimore, for Baltimore; Swan, Philadelphia; Emerald, Wiscasset—Schrs. Sea Bird, New York; Enterprize, Nantucket; Stranger, New Bedford; Caribou, Calais; Atlantic, Bangor; Paragon, Portland; Bertha, Waldoboro'; Lafayette, Dover—Sloops Elizabeth, New York; Splendid, Augusta; Thetis, Plymouth.

FRIDAY, April 15.

Arrived, brigs Sarah Ann, Apalachicola; Cordelia, Trinidad Feb. 26; Ann, Ragged Island, via Vineyard; Mexico, and Lion, New Orleans; Agenoria, Windsor, N S.; George, Norfolk; Joseph, Leonidas, and Cecilia, Baltimore—Schrs. Gustavus, St. Domingo, via Vineyard; British Token, Cumberland, NS.; Catharine, St. John, NB.; Rambler, Mobile; Stephen Oldcy, New Orleans, 19th ult.; Escort, Charleston; Freeman, Savannah; Badner, and Almira, Elizabeth City; Alderman, Mumfreesboro'; Aurelia, and Lyceum, Rappahannock; Perfect, Fredericksburg; Adar, Georgetown; Polly, and Cleopatra's Barge, Philadelphia; New York, Helen Maria, Oneco, Nile, Ianthe, and Erin, New York; Transport, Nantucket; Vulture, Petersburg; Boston Packet, Prospect—Sloops Pomona, New Bedford; Jackson, Salem.

Cleared, ship Boreas, New Orleans—Brigs Samos, Cuba; Billow, Windsor, NS.—Schrs. Wm. Wirt, St. Croix; Ruth Hannah, Yarmouth, NS.; Despatch, Providence; Mary, Augusta; Minerva, Portsmouth.

SATURDAY, April 16.

Arrived, ships Henry Leeds, London 11th ult.; Olive Branch, Savannah—Brigs Lucilla, Manilla 122 days; Oriental, Rio Grande Feb. 12; Thorn, Pernambuco 12th ult.; Leander, St. Jago 20th ult.; Hannah & Mary, Jeremie 24th ult.; Red Rover, Cape Haytien 28th ult.; Carrier, St. Jago 22d ult.; McLellan, Matanzas 2d inst.; Ocean, Windsor, NS.; Leader, Kempt, do.; Catharine, and Borodino, New Orleans 21st ult.; Adriatic, Savannah; Ellen, Machias for New York—Br. schrs. Britannia, Argyle, N S.; Acadian Lass, Yarmouth, do.; Adelaide, Windsor, do.—Schrs. Actress, Elizabeth City; Conclusion, Wilmington, NC; Cordova, Baltimore; Wilmot, Philadelphi; Fulcrum, Port Penn, Del.—Sloop Leader, Nantucket.

Cleared, ship Seaman, Charleston—Brigs Pioneer, Montevideo; Ganges, Surinam; Sarah Williams, Trinidad; Criterion, Mansanilla; Reform, (Br.) Brier Island; Uncas, Wilmington, NC.; Robt. Waln, Philadelphia—Br. schrs. Linnet, Halifax; Albion, Quebec; Armide, and Dorchester, St. John, NB.—Schrs. Waldo, Philadelphia; New England, and Franklin, Philadelphia; Cygnet, Sun, Fairfield, Hudson, Pequot, Orion, and Anaconda, New York; Banner, Albany; Albion, and Rialto, Bangor; Jasper, Bath; Banner, Hallowell; Echo, and Exeter, Portland; Freeman, Thomaston; Sydney, Augusta; Lygonia, Calais; Dover Packet, Dover; Mary Gay, Portsmouth; Brilliant, Newburyport; Olympus, Nantucket; Frank, New Haven—Sloops Jupiter, Norwich; James & Lucy, New Bedford.

SUNDAY, April 17.

Arrived, ship Humboldt, Charleston—Brig Charlotte, Windsor, NS.—Br. Schrs. Ann, and William Walker, St. Andrews; Union Jack, Argyle, NS.; Union, Halifax; schr. Harold, Apalachicola.

Boston Prices Current.

APPLES, new,	from $1.50	to 2.25
BEANS, white, per bushel,	2.00	2,50
BEEF, mess, bbl.	12.75	13.00
cargo, No. 1,	10.25	10.75
prime,	8.50	9.00
BEESWAX, American, lb.	27	29
BUTTER, inspected, No. 1, lb.	20	22
CHEESE, new milk, lb.	8	9
FEATHERS, northern, geese, lb.	46	50
southern, geese,	42	45
FLAX, American, lb.	9	10
FISH, Cod, per quintal,	3.25	3.37
FLOUR, Genesee, bbl.	8.37	8.56
Baltimore, Howard street,	7.75	7.87
Baltimore, wharf,	7.62	7.75
Alexandria,	7.75	7.87
GRAIN, Corn, northern yellow, per bushel,	—	1.00
southern yellow,	90	95
white,	80	84
Rye, northern,	1.25	1.25
Barley,	90	1.00
Oats, northern, (prime)	60	65
HAY, best English, ton,	25.00	30.00
Eastern screwed,	23.00	26.00
Hard pressed,	24.00	27.00
HONEY, gallon,	—	—
HOPS, 1st quality, (new) lb.	13	14
2d quality,	11	12
LARD, Boston, 1st sort, lb.	16	16
Southern, 1st sort,	15	16
LEATHER, slaughter, sole, lb.	19	20
do. upper,	12	14
Dry Hide, sole,	19	21
do. upper,	18	20
Philadelphia, sole,	27	29
Baltimore, sole,	25	27
LIME, best sort, cask,	1.17	1.20
PORK, Mass., inspection, extra clear, bbl.	27.00	27.50
Navy, mess,	18.00	19.00
Bone, middlings,	—.—	—.—
SEEDS, Herd's Grass, (new) bushel	3.62	3.87
Red Top, northern, bushel,	75	80
Red Clover, northern, lb.	12	13
White Dutch Honeysuckle, lb.	—	—
SILK COCOONS, American, bushel,	—.—	—.—
TALLOW, tried, cwt.	8.50	9.00
WOOL, prime or Saxony Fleeces, lb.	65	75
American, full blood, washed,	55	65
American, ¾ washed,	55	58
American, ½ washed,	—	50
American, ¼ washed,	40	45
Native washed,	38	60
Northern pulled.		
Pulled superfine,	58	60
1st Lambs,	50	53
2d Lambs,	40	41
3d Lambs,	30	35
1st spinning,	48	50

Southern pulled wool is generally 5 cents less per lb.

PROVISION MARKET.

RETAIL PRICES.

BUTTER, tub, lb.	20	22
lump,	22	25
CIDER, bbl.	1.75	2.00
HAMS, northern, lb.	14	15
Southern,	13	14
EGGS, dozen,	16	18
PORK, whole hogs, lb.	9	10
POTATOES, bushel,	40	50
POULTRY, lb.	11	15

[*N. E. Farmer.*

[From the Daily Advertiser and Patriot.]

BRIGHTON MARKET.—MONDAY, April 11, 1836.

At market 455 beef cattle, (including 100 unsold last week,) 48 pair working oxen, 10 cows and calves, and 340 swine. 40 beef cattle unsold.

PRICES. *Beef Cattle.*—About last week's prices were obtained for a like quality; better cattle were sold, consequently higher prices were obtained. We quote a few extra at 43*s* 6*d* *a* 45*s*; first quality, 39*s* *a* 42*s*; second quality at 33*s* *a* 36*s*; third quality, 29*s* *a* 32*s*.

Working Oxen.—We noticed sales at $55, 58, 64, 71, 88, 105, and 120.

Cows and Calves.—Sales were noticed at $22, 24, 28 and 30.

Sheep.—None at market.

Swine.—All sold. Lots to peddle were taken at 7 1-8 and 7 1-4 for sows and 8 1-8 and 8 1-4 for barrows. At retail, 8 and 9.

Errata.—In our last week's report, 150 beef cattle unsold, instead of 50; and 9*d* reduction on the price, instead of 9*s*, as published.

FRENCH CLASS.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that by the solicitations of several friends, he has been induced to commence a French Class. If a sufficient number of ladies and gentlemen should be obtained to form such a class, it will meet twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday evening or such other evenings as shall suit the convenience of the members. The place of meeting to be notified hereafter. Terms $6 per quarter. Any further information may be obtained by applying to the Editor of the Herald, with whom names may be left.

J. TRUE.

Boston, April 20. 3t.

A. L. HASKELL & CO.

WHOLESALE and Retail dealers in Furniture, Feathers, Mattresses, Beds, &c. at Chambers Nos. 8 and 10 Dock Square—have on hand, and will continue to keep constantly for sale, in any quantity that may be wanted, the following articles, which will be sold on such terms as can but please the purchaser, viz:—Secretaries, Dressing Cases, Bureaus, Grecian, Card, Pembroke and common Tables, Ladies' Work Tables, Bedsteads, Couches, Sofas, &c., Sofa Bedsteads, Cribs and Truckle Bedsteads, Mahogany and stained-wood Cradles, Fancy and common Chairs, Cabinet Chairs, Wash Stands and Toilet Tables, Counting Room and Portable Desks, Looking Glasses, Brass Fire Setts, Brass Time Pieces, Wooden Clocks, Bellows and Brushes.

MATTRESSES—Double bordered best Spanish hair, double bordered Russian hair, single bordered Russian Hair—different qualities and prices.

FEATHERS—Best Northern Live Geese, Southern and Western do.; Russian of various kinds—all of which are warranted free from smell and moths.

BEDS—Feather Beds, of different qualities and prices Bed Ticks, Pillows and Bolsters, ready made.

⁂ Every article sold, warranted equal to recommendation usiness personally attended to, and all favors thankfully received. tf Nov. 11.

WHITTIER & WARREN.

WARRANTED BOOTS AND SHOES of all descriptions, by the package or single pair, No. 14 Dock Square, (opposite Faneuil Hall,) Boston. tf Sept 9.

Poetry.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

AN INCIDENT IN THE NEW YORK FIRE.

Yet were there crowds, whose Godlike actions claim
A bright exemption from the list of shame;
Who toiled untired, who risked their lives unfeed;
Winning from grateful hearts their hallowed meed.
And one, (I would I knew his honest name,
'T would peer the noblest on the scroll of Fame,)
A son of ocean, whom the wind and foam
Had nerved and hardened, in his floating home,
But left the heart that storm-chafed breast concealed
Soft as an infant's 'neath its rugged shield,
Heard, as he strolled among the gazing throng,
A woman's shriek—convulsive, wild and long;
'T was the heart's wild, uncounterfeited tone;
A thousand echoes answered in his own,
As, with an oath, which, if translated true,
Would read a blessing, to the spot he flew.
There, scarce restrained within the friendly grasp
Of twenty hands, and writhing in their clasp,
With starting eyes, her lips with horror white,
And arms outstretched toward the wreathing light
That round her home in spiral eddies coiled,
A *mother* raved: "Oh, give me way!—my child!
Monsters! he perishes!"—— But help was nigh:
Tossing, with cheering shout, his hat on high,
The gallant seaman sprung, to save or die.
With a firm step, the half-charred beams he trode,
He sealed the stair, that quivered as he strode.
For one wild instant, agonized suspense
Motionless held that concourse vast and dense:
The next burst forth from 'neath the nodding roof,
(Unscathed his form, by Heaven made danger-proof,)
The generous tar!—and on his arm upborne
A smiling infant, from the fire-tomb torn:
The sobbing mother clasped her rescued prize,
Unspoken blessings raining from her eyes;
And shouting hundreds—thus to nature true—
Lauded the deed not one had dared to do.
But he whose pastime 't was to strive with death,
Shrunk with a blush from adulation's breath;
And ere those hearty plaudits died in air,
He whom they greeted was no longer there.

J. Barber.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

WOMAN'S AFFECTION.

> "When pain and sickness wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

When Prosperity's dream like a vapor evolves,
And Hope's pearl in the cup of Misfortune dissolves,
When false friends with a cold, careless smile hurry past,
What clings to the fallen the longest and last?
Oh! 'tis Love—Woman's Love!—Sorrow's realm is its own,
It erects amid *ruin* its altar and throne;
Through disaster, captivity, exile and shame,
It endureth to soften, to cheer and reclaim!

A rich banquet it makes of a crust in a cot;
Can the heart have a home where its presence is not?
'Tis a seraph that comes down our dark hours to share,
And sits tuning its harp by the hearth-stone of Care.
As sweet music lies hushed in Æolian strings,
Till the blast from their trembling, rich melody wrings,
So concealed in Life's calm, the heart's fondness may lie,
To burst forth when Adversity's tempest sweeps by.

'Tis the holiest clause in Humanity's bond,—
'Tis a type of the joys earth's probation beyond;
And the man who betrays it to wrong and disgrace,
Is an ingrate to God, and a blot on his race!
Then all hail, hallowed Love!—choicest blessing of Heaven, [given,
A world's wealth I would spurn, if without *thee* 'twere
And petition the Fates to *reverse* their decree,
To a life of rough toil, and a *pittance* with thee!

Miscellaneous.

TABLE TALK.

"A THING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES."

"When Dean Swift was at Quilca he went one Sunday to a church at the distance of more than two hours' ride. The parson of the parish invited him to dinner, but Swift excused himself by saying, that 'it was too far to ride home afterward; no, I shall dine with my neighbor Reilly at Virginy, which is half way home.'

Reilly, who was what is called there a gentleman farmer, was proud of the honor, and immediately despatched a messenger to his wife to prepare for the reception of so extrordinary a guest. She dressed herself out in her best apparel; the son put on his new suit, and his silver-laced hat adorned his head. When the lady was introduced to the dean, he saluted her with the same respect as if she had been a dutchess, making several *conges* down to the ground, and then handed her with great formality to her seat. After some high-flown compliments, he addressed his host—'Mr. Reilly, I suppose you have a considerable estate here; let us go and look over your demesne.'

'Estate?' says Reilly, 'not a foot of land belongs to me or any of my generation. I have a pretty good lease here indeed from Lord Fingal, but he threatens that he will not renew it, and I have but a few years of it to come.'

'Well—but when am I to see Mrs. Reilly?'

'Why, don't you see her there before you?'

'That Mrs. Reilly! impossible! I have heard she is a prudent woman, and as such would never dress herself out in silks, and other ornaments, fit only for ladies of fashion. No—Mrs. Reilly, the farmer's wife, would never wear any thing better than plain stuff, with other things suitable to it.'

Mrs. Reilly happened to be a woman of good sense, and taking the hint, immediately withdrew, changed her dress as speedily as possible, and in a short time returned to the parlor in her common apparel.

Swift saluted her in the most friendly manner, taking her by the hand and saying, 'I am heartily glad to see you, Mrs. Reilly. This husband of yours would fain have palmed a fine lady upon me, all dressed out in silks, and in the pink of the mode, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in so.'

He then laid hold of young master's fine laced hat—with his penknife ripped off the lace, and folding it up in several papers, thrust it into the fire. When it was sufficiently burnt, he wrapped it up in fresh paper, and put it in his pocket.—It may be supposed that the family was put into no small confusion, at this strange proceeding; but they did not dare to show that they took any umbrage at it, as the presence of Swift struck every one with uncommon awe, who were not well acquainted with him.

However, as he soon resumed his good humor, entertaining them with many pleasantries to their taste, (for no man knew better how to adapt his conversation to all classes of people,) they soon recovered their spirits, and the day was passed very cheerfully. When he was taking his leave, he said, 'I do not intend to rob you, Mrs. Reilly; I shall take nothing belonging to you away with me; there's your son's hat-lace, I have only changed the form of it to a much better one. So God bless you, and thanks for your good entertainment.'

When he was gone, Mrs. Reilly, upon opening the paper, found there were four guineas enclosed in it, together with the burnt lace. While he staid in the country, he kept an eye upon them, and found his lessons had not been thrown away, as they were cured of their vanities, and lived in a manner more consonant to their situation in life. In consequence of which, one of the first things he did on his return to Dublin, was to pay a visit to Lord Fingal, and engage him to renew Reilly's lease; without which the poor man would, in a few years, have had nothing for his own or his family's support."

—

"He greatly admired the talents of the late Duke of Wharton, as the Duke did his; who one day dining with the dean, and recounting several wild frolics he had run through; 'My lord,' said Swift, 'let me recommend one more to you: take a frolic to be good—rely upon it, you will find it the *pleasantest* frolic you ever was engaged in.'"

—

"There was nothing Swift disliked more than applications from witlings and poetasters to look over their pieces, and he generally had some whimsical contrivance to make them repent of this, which, being told, might also deter others from the like. Among these, there was a poor author of my acquaintance, who had written a very indifferent tragedy, and got himself introduced to the dean, in order to have his opinion of it. In about a fortnight after the delivery, he called at the deanery to know how he approved of it. Swift returned the play carefully folded up, telling him, 'he had read it, and taken some pains with it; and he believed the author would not find above half the number of faults in it, that it had when it came into his hands.' Poor Davy, after a thousand acknowledgments to the dean for the trouble he had taken, retired in company with the gentleman who had first introduced him, and was so impatient to see what corrections Swift had made, that he would not wait till he got home, but got under a gateway in the next street, and, to his utter astonishment and confusion, saw that the dean had taken the pains to blot out every second line throughout the whole play, so carefully, as to render them utterly illegible. Nor was it in the power of the unfortunate author to conceal his disgrace, as his friend, from whom I had the story, thought it too good a joke to be lost."

ITEMS

DEFERRED FROM LAST WEEK.

The Senate of this State have passed to a third reading, by a vote of 22 to 7, the bill which has passed the House, authorizing the State Treasurer to subscribe one million of dollars to the stock of the Western Rail Road.

It appears by the correspondence of a London paper, that an American gentleman has been surveying the real estate about Athens in Greece, with an eye of speculation, and has actually invested $70,000, in company with a Scotch gentleman, in building lots. Arrangements were entered upon for a bank, and a steamboat runs monthly to Falmouth, England.

The select committee of the U. S. House of Representatives have reported in favor of coining gold pieces of the value of one, two and three dollars.

The house of Mr. Isaiah Nichols, of South Reading, was destroyed by fire on Saturday morning, 2d inst.

Richard Skidmore, of New York, straying through Bushwick, (L. I.) in 1834, ventured to pluck a few cherries from a tree on the road side, when the owners thereof, James and Peter Colyer, fell upon him and beat him unmercifully, for which a jury a few weeks since gave him a verdict of $500 damages.

Marshall Andrews and Hiram Andrews, of Buckland, and John G. Besse, of Paris, Me., were arrested in the latter place, last week, for passing counterfeit five dollar bills on the Kenduskeag Bank at Bangor. Besse turned State's evidence, and stated that he was employed by the others to go to Canada and get $550 of the money, which he did, and that they had disposed of all except $35 of it, at the time of their arrest. From his disclosures, it is supposed that a large number of persons in that neighborhood, some of them of very respectable standing, are engaged in the business.

Mrs. Folly, who was indicted some months since, in New Jersey, for severe chastisement of a little black girl belonging to her husband, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment at hard labor in the State Prison. A small negro boy, who was indicted with her for participating in the cruelty, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

The Surplus Revenue, says the National Intelligencer, has increased, and is increasing, and must be diminished. The amount of public moneys in the Deposite Banks, by the returns to (or nearest to) the first of March, had increased to thirty-three millions and seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

A man by the name of Perkins, belonging to Lamprey River, N. H., on returning from Portsmouth in a sleigh, on Friday, 1st inst., undertook to cross the branch of the Piscataqua at a place called Great Bay, New Greenland. When about half way over, the ice gave way, and the horse, sleigh, and driver disappeared beneath the water.

One of the richest men in England is the Rev. Mr. Hughes, formerly a poor clergyman, but now said to possess a revenue of between 70,000 and £80,000 a year. Some years ago he was in part proprietor of a barren piece of land, for which Lord Uxbridge was then in treaty. The purchase money (a very small sum) was agreed upon; but the nobleman not keeping his appointment one day, to finish the business, the commoner, in a tiff, would not give him another meeting. On the above mentioned barren piece of ground were subsequently discovered the rich Anglesea copper mines, from which Mr. Hughes draws his enormous income.

Biographical.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Died at Ware Village, Feb. 27, 1836, Miss Martha Bailey. She was born in April, 1818, and experienced religion in the month of September or October, 1834, and soon after, she joined the class in this place. From that time to her death, she exemplified the religion by a steady course of devotion to God. In her sickness she was resigned.

Sister Bailey was not like those that serve God only when they are "*free to do it;*" but from a decided principle, was ready to give a reason of the hope that was within her. As her end drew nigh, her soul drew near its God. I visited her frequently, before she died, and found her confidence in God increasing. A short time before she died, she was asked by her mother "If she had any fears about dying?" She answered "No;" and then bidding her friends adieu, her spirit took its flight to the eternal world, to enjoy a rest above.

James O. Dean.

Ware, Mass., April 8, 1836.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Mrs. Ruth Soul departed this life March 25, in the fifty-first year of her age. She embraced religion about twenty-five years ago, and joined the Congregational Church in this town. But, several years after, when the Methodists began to preach in this place, and a church was formed, she connected herself with the same, and was a worthy member thereof till the day of her death.

Sister Soul belonged to a numerous and respectable family; she was a daughter of Hon. Seth Sprague, whose children, fifteen in number, all lived to grow up and become settled in the world; she being the *third* only, now removed by death. Sister Soul however, though belonging to a family highly favored, for herself was called to receive no small share of afflictions, not only in her sickness, but in the death of her husband sixteen years ago, and also by the death of two children, leaving four to mourn her loss, three sons and one daughter.

Sister Soul was a devoted Christian, and a kind mother; and in her last sickness, which, severe and protracted as it was to about two years, was borne with great patience, she received returns for her maternal kindness and love, by the unremitting care and attention of a beloved daughter, who constantly waited upon her, and was mindful of her wants, amid all her sufferings.

But while her removal has called a large circle of relatives, and the church, to mourn and deeply to feel their loss, they mourn not as those who have no hope;—*their* loss is *her* gain.

On the 29th, the corpse was carried to the meeting house, and a sermon preached on the occasion by the writer, to a large audience. The season was solemn and affecting. May it be sanctified to the friends, to the church, and to all; "For the living know that they shall die."

J. Fillmore.

Duxbury, Mass., April 5, 1836.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MINISTERIAL SUPPORT.

Mr. Editor—As you are multiplying my opponents on this subject, through the columns of the Herald, you will of course permit me to speak for myself. I have read brother Kent's "short history," and find that he takes a *middle ground*. He admits, that in those places where the people were not able to furnish table expenses, *exclusive* of quarterage, "the rule would apply to a *standing usage* of raising *quarterage*, which was to be *continued;*" i. e. the standing usage of raising quarterage shall be continued in all the societies, whether table expenses are raised or not; or, in other words, the table expenses shall be a *secondary* thing, and shall be met by such means as the stewards can "devise." I have not written a word against our preachers having a *full support*, or of their having table expenses, where they can be raised without interfering with the quarterage. But I have asserted, that our usage in the New England Conference is *anti-methodistical;* and nothing has yet appeared to disprove this assertion. My arguments have all been passed over in silence! I will now throw them into a form which it will be more difficult to evade.

1. Does not our Discipline contemplate that quarterage shall be raised in all our societies—that the *regular* supplies shall be considered quarterage—and that this shall be kept *separate* from table expenses?

2. Do our stewards in the New England Conference keep the quarterage and table expenses *separate?*

3. Do not many of our circuits and stations raise *no quarterage*, which nevertheless raise from 100 to 300 dollars in table expenses? And are there not many other appointments which raise the *full amount* of table expenses, and but a *mere fraction* of the quarterage? And is this *Methodism?*

4. Was this provision for table expenses designed to interfere with the quarterage, in the least? And if not, though there must be an estimate made of the amount necessary to furnish table expenses, &c., yet, are the stewards *obliged* to pay *any thing* on that estimate, if they cannot "devise" means to do it without interfering with the quarterage?

5. Is it *contrary* to law, for the estimating committee to consider "the amount necessary" to furnish table expenses, &c., *such an amoumt* as when *added* to the quarterage, shall make a sum sufficient to *support* the preacher?

6. Was not the provision for table expenses made *because* the quarterage allowance was *not* sufficient to *support* the preacher? And if so, was not this provision designed to make enough in the *aggregate* to support the preacher?

7. If there *must* be quarterage raised in all our circuits and station, and if this *must* be kept separate, and not applied to table expenses—and if the claim for table expenses must be met, if met at all, by such means as the stewards can "devise," then is it not the *sense* of our Discipline, that the quarterage shall be *first?*

8. But is not the administration of the New England Conference predicated on the principle, that the table expenses are *first*, and that they must be paid *in full*, whether any thing is raised for quarterage or not?

9. In case a preacher receives his *full quarterage*, why may he not as well pay out a *part* of that to furnish his table, as to call *all* he receives table expenses and pay out a part of *that* for clothing for himself and family?

10. Is not our financial administration in the New England Conference, *anti-methodistical?*

I should be pleased to have brother Kent answer the above questions, *separately* and *distinctly*.

O. Scott.

Holliston, April 9, 1836.

I know a case in which the minister praying over a child apparently dying, said, "If it be Thy will, spare." The poor mother's soul yearning for her beloved, exclaimed, "It *must* be his will, I cannot bear *ifs*." The minister stopped. To the surprise of many, the child recovered; and the mother, after almost suffering martyrdom with him while a stripling, lived to see him hanged before he was two and twenty years of age.—Oh, it is good to say, "Not my will, but thy will, O Lord, be done."

TALENT AND PERSEVERANCE.

Our Washington correspondent stated yesterday, of the Hon. Senator Kane, that he went when quite a youth to the west; leaving the friends and associations of his early days—with the determination never to return, until he distinguished himself in the higher walks of life. He returned—crowned with the honors of an eminent position in the political world, to the residence of his father in Washington, where he lodged—a senator of the U. States. But returned—*to die!* The very situation held by his parent, had been procured through *his* influence; and the aged heart was cheered by the recompence of his struggles and the beams of his fame.

There is an example and a good one, in this. Let the young remember, that they have but *one* mortal life to live. Let them improve to the uttermost, the faculties they have received from the Almighty.—*There can be no limit to their distinction*, if their energies are properly directed. No young man need be to-morrow, what he is to-day. Added knowledge—added powers, and added reputation, are within his grasp. He has but to say of a desired end, "*I will reach it*"—and he *can*. In any pursuit, love, literature, politics,—if he have the consciousness of superior faculties, honesty of purpose, and a well disciplined mind, his success is certain. Higher and higher can his aspirations lead him, until the things he once looked up to, are *beneath* his feet. Let him not turn aside to delight himself in the petty dalliance of common persons, or temporary pleasures, or indulge in the paltry ambitions of society. Let him preserve the integrity and independence of his spirit, and all the factious distinctions of really inferior contemporaries, melt before him in his triumphant career. Should he fail—nobly, for "it is appointed unto man *once* to die,"—and if his start upon the stage of life has been acted rightly, he goes the sooner to his reward.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE CRAFTY POLITICIAN.

Winning his carriage, every look
Employ'd whilst it conceal'd a hook:
When simple most, most to be fear'd;
Most crafty when no craft appeared:
His tales no man like him could tell;
His words, which melted as they fell,
Might e'en a hypocrite deceive,
And make an infidel believe.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

There is no communion so sweet, so safe, so desirable, so humble, so honorable, or so advantageous, as communion with God. There is that in it which exactly suits, fully satisfies, infinitely delights the sublime and capacious powers of the immortal mind. Sensual delights are momentary, and rather surfeit than satisfy, often "leaving a sting behind;" but in communion with God, the soul finds its centre and rest. Here the river runs into the ocean. Here the spirit returns to God who gave it. Here all the scattered beauties in the wide creation are collected together. Not the most exquisite painting to the limner's eye, nor the softest strains to the musician's ear, nor yet the sweetest fragrance to the smell, or most delicious food to the epicure's palate, are worthy to be compared to the blessedness of communion with God. What can be more honorable than to visit and be visited, and have a joint interest with the King of kings? Herein, we need fear no evils, neither loss nor disgrace. We are safe in the wilderness, and shall not be less so in the shadow of death. The beginning of this fellowship is the beginning of heaven below and the perfection of heaven above. It is that communion, which no power, however great, which no place, however distant, can for a moment interrupt. Death itself, which breaks up so many connections and fellowships, does not destroy, but rather brings this to perfection. How blessed is it to walk with God! By so doing we shall become like him, and ere long be with him for ever.

THE SCRAP GATHERER—COUSINING.

"How do you do Elder?—I am really glad to see you."

"I may have had the pleasure of seeing you before, but really I cannot now tell where," replied the clergyman.

"Why I think you *must* have seen me, for when you travelled to the north part of the state about three years ago, I heard you preach in our town, and I liked you the best of any man I ever heard—and I then said if I ever had an opportunity, I would go to hear you again, and hearing you had just moved into this town, and having business to the south, and finding it was but a few miles further to come this way, I have come to spend the Sabbath with you, and see if you always preach as well as you did when I heard you to the north."

"Have you taken tea this afternoon?" inquired the clergyman.

"No," was the reply;—"and I shall want my horse put up too—have you any hay, Elder? for feed is yet too faint for a horse to travel on."

"I have no hay," was the reply—"hay has been very scarce hereabout this spring, and I have been obliged to turn out my own horse."

"Has not some of your neighbors got hay?" inquired the other.

"I know of no one except the tavern-keeper—he probably has hay—I can take your horse there and see."

"Oh, that will do just as well as if you had it."

The clergyman having no boy to send, started himself with the good deacon's horse for the tavern, while his wife had to lay by her mop to put on the tea-kettle—and the deacon took a fresh quid of tobacco, with the juice of which he occasionally decorated the good woman's carpet—he started up directly, ran to the door and sung out, "halloo Elder, I wish you would have them give him a peck of oats to night, as I have not baited since morning, and four quarts will do in the morning—they are trusty folks aint they? I always want to have my horse well taken care of when I am travelling—tell them to water him three times to-morrow—they need'nt give him his oats on Monday morning until he has filled himself with hay, as I shant start till arter breakfast."

"Come," said my wife, as we rose from tea on Saturday a little before sundown in the latter part of April, "suppose we take a piece of that veal and a basket of eggs and run down to the minister's; it may be a rarity to them; you know they have a great deal of company, and may need something besides pork and potatoes." "With all my heart," said I. We started directly, and arrived at the parsonage just in season to hear the foregoing dialogue. The clergyman's wife had been without help for the week—her child was unwell—she had been busied every minute she could get it down, in ironing the family's clothes—and late as it was, after tea, (her child having fallen asleep,) she had just commenced mopping her floor, when this good man called to put up over the Sabbath with them, because he had once heard him preach three years before.—*Vermont Tel.*

HALL'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE U. S.

SCHOOL History of the United States, containing Chronological Notices and an Outline of Topics for a more extended course of Study.—By S. R. Hall and A. R. Baker, instructers in Teacher's Seminary, Andover, Mass. Published by WM. PEIRCE, No. 9 Cornhill.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Boston Recorder.—A cursory inspection of The School History of the United States, has given us a very favorable impression of its merits. The object of the authors was to make a compilation adapted to be studied, rather than read; to give such references and directions as would lead the Scholar to pursue a more extended course; and to present dates and facts with entire accuracy.

From A. Ely, principal Monson Academy.—I have not examined as thoroughly as I intend to do, but from an inspection of its plan, I do think it better adapted to the department for which it is designed, than any which I have yet seen. I am pleased with its arrangements both as to its division into periods and its chronological aids and directions. As a History to be taught, studied and remembered, I am persuaded that instructers and pupils will regard it as possessing superior facilities. I do not hesitate to recommend the Book as an improvement on those which belong to this branch of education, and I wish it might be universally adopted. It will be used in this Academy.

From Rev. Geo. E. Peirce, President Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio.—I have carefully examined the School History of the United States, by Messrs. Hall and Baker, which you have published, and have formed a high opinion of its merit and shall cheerfully favor its introduction into the Schools of the West, as I have opportunity.

From Abbot's Religious Magazine.—A good plan—well executed

From His Honor Sam'l T. Armstrong.—I have looked over the School History of the United States, which you were so good as to send me, with singular gratification. It is a valuable aid to our youth, in the study of the history of our country and can cheerfully recommend it.

⁂ The attention of School Committees, Teachers, and others interested in the cause of education is respectfully invited to the above work.

Copies furnished Teachers, &c. for examination, gratis, by calling at the store of the Publisher, 9 Cornhill.

April 13.

BOSTON SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY.

CHARLES J. HENDEE, *(Successor to Carter, Hendee & Co)* having made arrangements to continue the business of Publishing and Bookselling, at the Old Stand of C., H. & Co., 131 Washington street, offers to the Trade, Merchants, Teachers, School Committees, and others, the following list of valuable copy-right Books, (together with a general assortment of School Books,) on the most favorable terms.

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We approve of the plan of this Book; it is just such a one as is needed, and we hope it will be adopted in every school in the country.—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

3. *A Fourth Book for Reading;* with Rules and Instructions

This work completes a series of books for teaching children how to read,—*The Primer, The Second Book, The Third Book,* and *The Fourth Book.* In the first three, spelling lessons are given with the reading lessons; but they are omitted in the Fourth Book, because those who are able to read these lessons, should use a dictionary for spelling, and for learning the meaning of every word which they do not understand. So far as the compiler and the publishers have been able to learn, no one has used the Third Book without being satisfied that the rules and instructions for reading, and for avoiding common errors, are of great utility. They are, therefore, continued in the Fourth Book, and greatly enlarged; and they constitute the principal difference between these and the other school books for reading, which are now in use.

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1. *The First Book of History,* or History on the Basis of Geography, (comprehending the countries of the Western Hemisphere,) with sixty engravings from original designs, and sixteen maps of the different sections of the United States, and the various countries of the Western Hemisphere, executed in the most beautiful manner, on steel plates. By the author of Peter Parley's Tales.

2. *The Second Book of History,* (comprising the countries of the Eastern Hemisphere,) with many engravings, and sixteen maps on steel plates of the different countries. By the author of Parley's First Book of History.

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"This is decidedly the best historical work for children we have ever met with. It is filled with *ideas* instead of dates. Let every child study this book three months *in his own way,* and he will have a better knowledge of the history and geography of his country than is often acquired by spending three years in the senseless operation of committing to memory page after page of the tiresome treatises in common use."—*Brandon Telegraph.*

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Alterations and additions have been made in the present edition of this work, at the request of the Committee for Primary Schools in Boston; and in consequence, it has been adopted by direction of the Committee, as the common reading book in those schools.

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The Little Philosopher, by Abbott.

March 2.

FARM AND TAVERN STAND
At Auction.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on Wednesday the 4th day of May next, at 12 o'clock M. if not previously disposed of, that valuable farm and buildings thereon, situated in New Market N. H. on the main road from Boston to Portland, formerly known as the Neil Farm, and for ten or twelve years past, as the Stinson Stand, being the same now occupied by A. P. Stinson, Esq. as a tavern,

Said Stand is within two miles of the Manufacturing Village in New Market, six miles from Exeter, and twelve miles from Portsmouth. The Farm contains about 100 acres of good Land, well calculated for hay or grain, mostly walled in, well wooded, with many valuable fruit trees on the same.

The buildings,, which were thoroughly repaired last year, in good style, are a two story wooden House, 40 by 32, with a piazza in front, and an L, two stories high, 36 by 18, containing 9 chambers, 2 parlors with folding doors, bar room, dining-room, kitchen, &c. Also, a large Stable, Barn, Shed, Woodhouse, and other out buildings—and a never failing Well of excellent water.

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April 13. 3t 41 Central-whf. Boston.

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2. All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of eighteen months, unless paid.

3. All the travelling preachers in the New England, Maine, and New Hampshire Conferences are authorized agents, to whom payment may be made.

4. All Communications on business, or designed for publication, should be addressed to Benj. Kingsbury, Jr., post paid, unless containing $10.00, or five subscribers.

5. All biographies, accounts of revivals, and other matters involving facts, must be accompanied with the names of the writers.

We wish agents to be particular to write the names of subscribers, and the name of the post office to which papers are to be sent, in such a manner that there can be no misunderstanding or mistake.